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NOVEMBER **2004**

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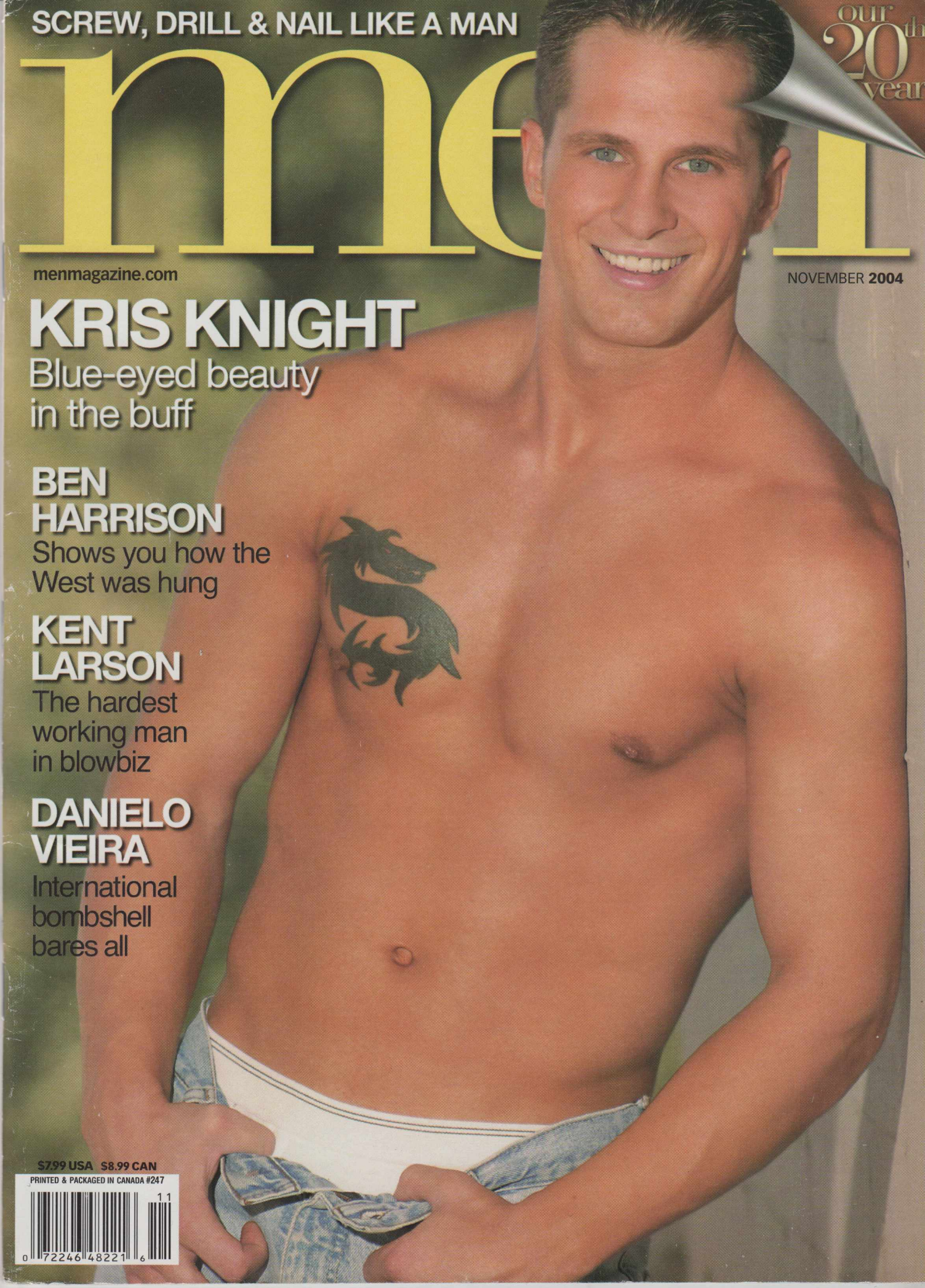

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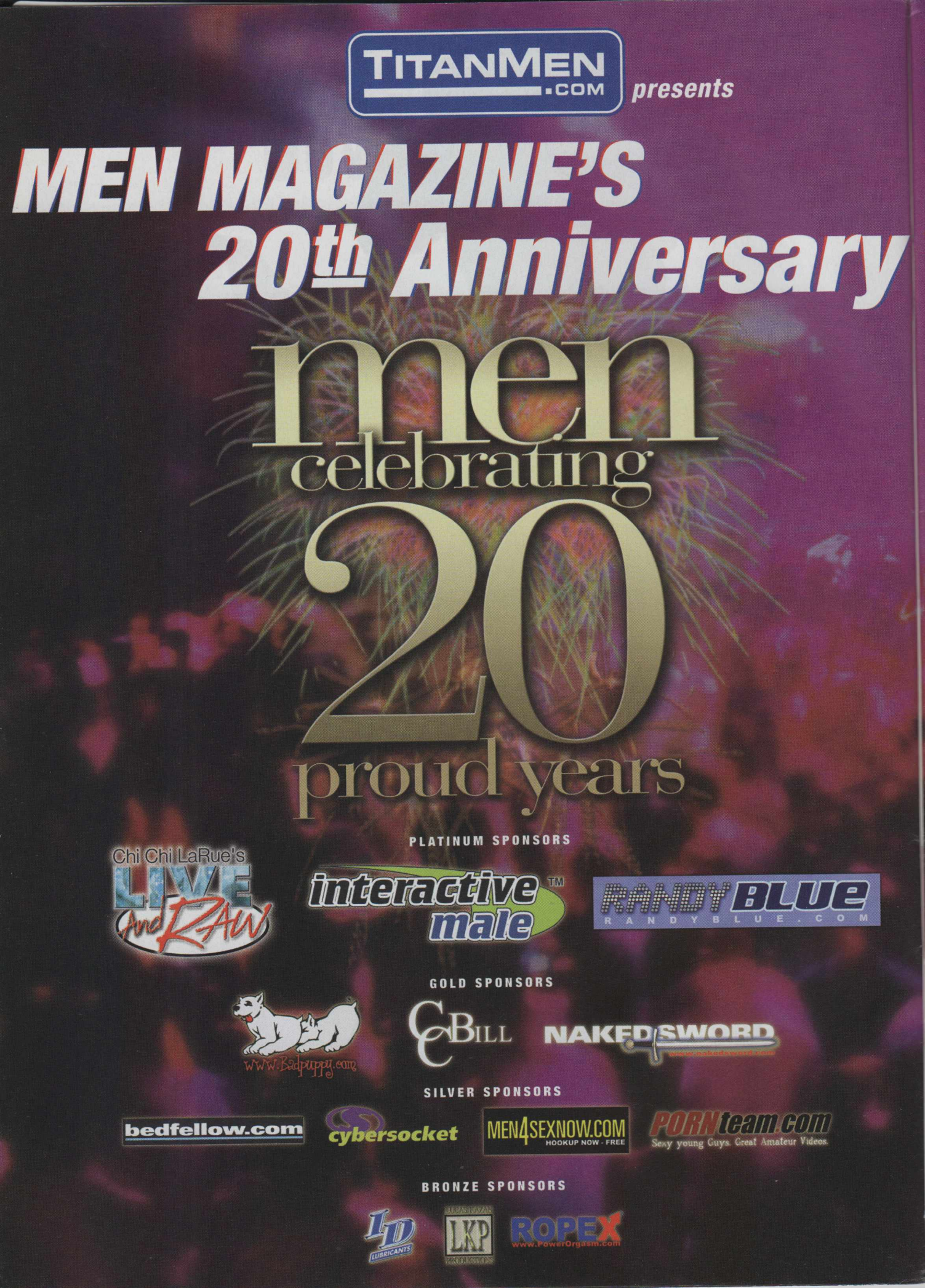
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Warwick, RI	Sunday, Oct. 10th	Voyage @ The Strand
Silverlake,CA	Sunday, Oct. 10th	MJ's
Atlanta, GA	Friday, Oct.15th	Jungle
East Saint Louis	Saturday, Oct. 16th	Faces on Fourth
Houston, TX	Saturday, Oct. 16th	J.R.'s
Mobile, AL	Saturday, Oct. 16th	Trooper's
Indianapolis,IN	Wednesday, Oct. 20h	Metro
Madison,WI	Friday, Oct. 22nd	Club 5
Chicago, IL	Sunday, Oct. 24th	Crobar Chicago
New Orleans, LA	Friday, Nov. 12th	Oz
Miami Beach, FL	Sunday, Nov. 14th	Crobar Miami Beach
Palm Springs, CA	Saturday, Nov. 27th	Heaven

New venues added daily, June through December 2004

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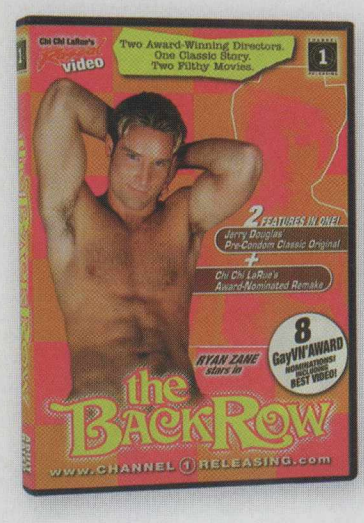
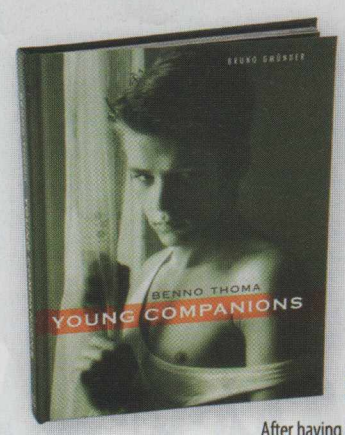
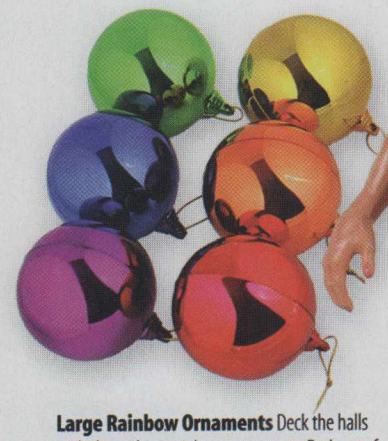


The Back Row Two full-length features and two award-winning directors make for one incredibly hot movie! Jerry Douglas' pre-condom classic original and Chi Chi LaRue's award-nominated remake! **$44.99**

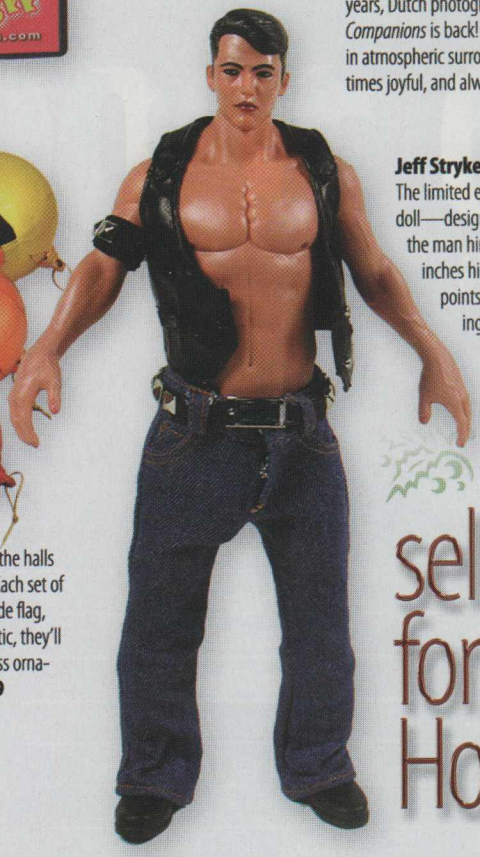


Benno Thoma: Young Companions After having been out of print for several years, Dutch photographer Benno Thoma's all-time classic, *Young Companions* is back! Master of light Thoma depicts young men in atmospheric surroundings—at times melancholy, at times joyful, and always highly erotic. **$19.59**

6" Solid Glass Butt Plug At 32mm wide and 6" long, this individually handcrafted Pyrex glass dildo is stunningly beautiful and utterly unique. Distinctive, functional, and a true work of art! **$49.99**

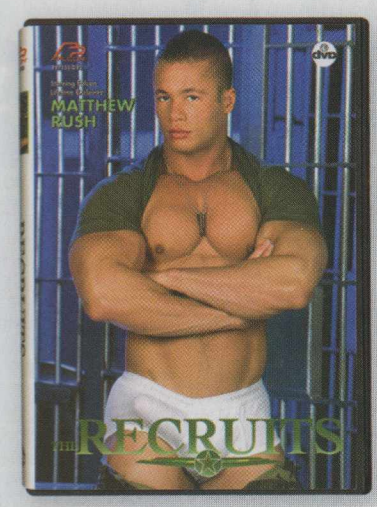


Large Rainbow Ornaments Deck the halls with these shiny rainbow ornaments. Each set of six contains all the colors of the gay pride flag, and since they're made of durable plastic, they'll last much longer than those fragile glass ornaments we all grew up with. **Set $5.99**



Jeff Stryker Action Figure The limited edition Jeff Stryker doll—designed and approved by the man himself—stands 12 inches high and features multiple points of articulation, including the head, arms, legs and cock! **$59.99**

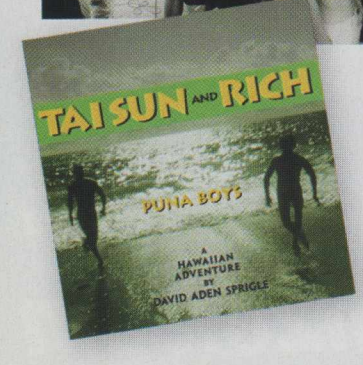
Best sellers for the Holidays



The Recruits Being in the military has never looked so hot! Join Falcon exclusive Brad Patton and Falcon favorite Cade Devlin as these top recruits battle for a special assignment. **$59.99**

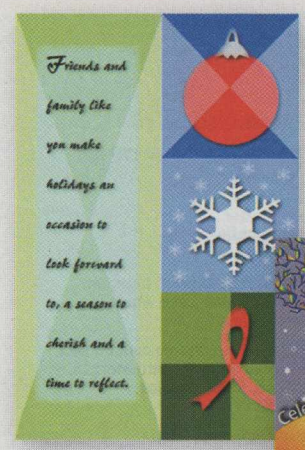
Metallic Jel-Lee Anal Chain The Metallic Jel-Lee Anal Chain sports four large bullets, each 1 5/8" in diameter, providing up to nine smooth inches of utmost anal pleasure. The soft and durable silicone ensures ultimate comfort and the contoured tip eases the firm but flexible shaft in for deep penetration. Package includes .5 fluid ounces of Spice lube. Will you tease with just the tip or take it up a notch and plunge in to the hilt? **$15.99**

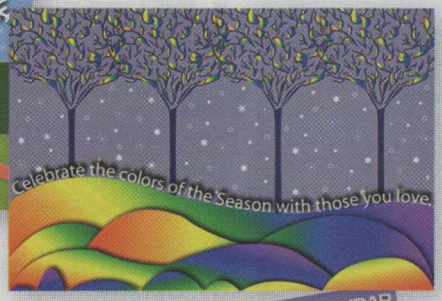
Futurotic Penis Extension Sporting a solid tip, this six-inch extension slides over your own tool and can be easily trimmed if desired. Secure it with the included flesh-colored rubber cock ring and have a ball. **$15.99**



Tai Sun and Rich In this Hawaiian adventure by David Aden Sprigle, breathtaking black-and-white portraits and candid words follow two young men coming of age on the majestic Big Island of Hawaii. With unabashed freedom and a sense of genuine camaraderie, the two discover what it means to be truly alive. A great holiday gift idea! **$34.99**

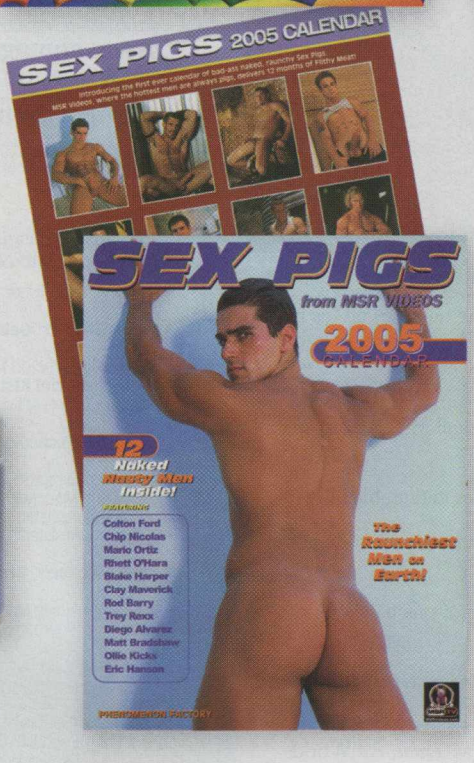
E-Z Anal Douche The E-Z Anal Douche is the perfect size for your portable sporting pleasure. Your rear entry will be squeaky clean and ready for action. Its bright red bulb and glowing tube make it fun to use. **$12.99**



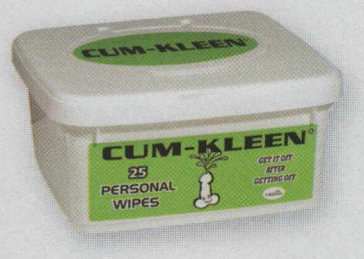


Holiday Cards: Friends and Family Seasonal greeting cards for your friends and family guarantee your holidays will be gay and bright. Outside message: "Friends and family like you make holidays an occasion to look forward to, a season to cherish and a time to reflect." Inside message: "Cherish the holidays and all the days in between." Box of 10 **$7.49**

Leather Sports Pouch This leather-cup jockstrap is guaranteed to get you noticed. Slide your jeans on over 'em and swagger around knowing that there's a party in your pants just waiting to happen. **$23.99**

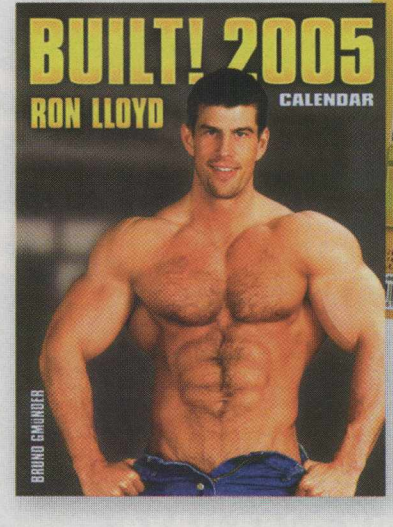


Sex Pigs 2005 Calendar MSR Video delivers the first-ever calendar of bad-ass, naked, raunchy Sex Pigs. Includes Colton Ford, Blake Harper, Rod Barry, Rhett O'Hara, Clay Maverick, Trey Rexx, Diego Alvarez, Chip Nicolas, Mario Ortiz, Matt Bradshaw, Ollie Kicks and sexy Eric Hanson. Twelve months of delicious meat! **$14.95**



Cum Kleen Personal Wipes Get it off after getting off! These mildly vanilla-scented, premoistened towels are thick, absorbent, and ready for action. Keep them by your bedside to feel fresh and clean after your most intimate encounters! **$6.99**

Stroke 29 Rocket Fuel The masturbation cream that lasts longer than you do. Stroke 29, Empowered Products' premium cream lubricant, is designed to take masturbation to a whole new level. After the 29th stroke a guy might actually forget he's using his own hand. **$24.99**



Built! 2005 Calendar Straight from Ron Lloyd's best-selling photo book, *Built!* comes this incredibly hot calendar featuring 12 of the studliest men from Body Image Productions to feast your eyes on every day of the year! **$14.95**

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Inside NOVEMBER 2004

35 Centerfold: Kris Knight Getting Midwestern farm boy Kris to strip proved to be a simple task–it's taking our eyes off his hot little corn hole that's turned into a challenge. **PHOTOGRAPHY BY SATORI STUDIOS**

8 Letters Another month, another pile of letters from readers all too eager to split hairs over the personal grooming habits of our models.

10 Sexpert Helpful advice for the sexually adventurous, curious and ambiguous.

20 Divorced Dick A hot and horny lawyer pays a visit to a trailer park and ends up serving more than just divorce papers. **BY JAY STARRE**

46 Fantasy Baseball Go inside the deepest, darkest reaches of one catcher's desire for his team's star pitcher. Batter up! **BY T. HITMAN**

60 Hot August Night Two sexy studs get a little late-night relief, beating the heat by working their meat. **BY KARL TAGGART**

72 Video Reviews: Videos reviewed this month: MSR's *Rough Trade*, All Worlds Video's *Raw* and Lucas Entertainment's newest video series, *Michael Lucas' Auditions*, Vol. 1.

80 Next: With his beautiful eyes, hot bod, sexy rod and hairy legs, Mike Rivers has something for everybody. **PHOTO BY NICK BETTS**

Kent Larson
Photography by **Satori Studios**
14

Ben Harrison
Photography by **Satori Studios**
26

Danilo Vieria
Photography by **BauerStudio.com.br**
52

Be a Man
Photography by **UnzippedVideo.com**
66

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Sorry, Lee Toledo! You've got a great body, but I just can't cast my vote for someone who'd shave their pubic area like that!

LEE TOLEDO
SEPTEMBER 2004

CHRISTIAN ST. JON
SEPTEMBER 2004

KEN SCOTT
SEPTEMBER 2004

BUSH OR NOXIOUS WEED?

Being a late bloomer myself, a man's body hair has always been a huge turn-on for me. I like men, not big boys (bush, good; Bush, bad). I was excited when I saw the feature "There's Something About Hairy" in your September 2004 issue. *Finally*, I thought, *they're getting the idea.* Imagine my chagrin when I found that two of the four models featured had pubic hair trimmed to the skin. Which part of "I like hair!" don't you get?

A.W., Shreveport, LA

TAKE THIS JOB & SHOVE IT!

I opened up my September *Men* and stopped right at the first model, Christian St. John. Thank you for giving me a new lease on fantasy life! Now I can dream about getting fucked by the perfect man, rimming a perfect ass, licking the sweat from armpits that must just pour when he works out, and seeing those beautiful eyes as he sucks my dick. Now I just have to avoid thinking about him at work or I'll pop my nut and ruin my pants!

R. James, Hollywood, CA

GRAB YOUR ANKLES, BABY

I just viewed the new photos of Scott Strode [September 2004]. They are nice and he's in great shape, however, I presume most of us like to fantasize over these guys. Being a versatile gay man, I would like to see them in a position that looks like they are screwing me and another position that looks like I could screw them. About 90% of Scott's photos all look the same, just slightly to the left or the right. Also, even if they are straight, if they won't show an asshole then you shouldn't buy their photos.

J. Loveless, via the internet

I'M A BARBIE GIRL (IN A BARBIE WORLD)

Ken Scott [September 2004] is so sexy! He's got such kissable lips, he gives me pleasurable chills all up and down my spine. Ken is the king. Sorry, Lee Toledo! You've got a great body, but I just can't cast my vote for someone who'd shave their pubic area like that! Lee has nice tattoos, though. Ken is the only one this month who is a real man, not a buffed twink. Give us more men like Ken!

D.L. Hughes, Sacramento, CA

COVER ME, I'M GOING IN!

I was a little disappointed when I picked up the September *Men* magazine and saw the cover. Then I opened it up and saw Christian St. John, and what else can I say but *wow*! Body Image has done it again. How do they find these guys? He should have been on the cover. I'm booking a flight to whichever tropical paradise you found him in. Christian is so hot!

Michael L., Seattle

INSTANT REPLAY

Christian St. John is simply gorgeous! He gets better each time I look at him. He should have been the cover model. All the men in your magazine are hot, but Christian's sultry blue eyes and taut bod made me moist between the legs. His eyes say "Come here, big boy," and that's what I did… Do you think I could get another copy? This one's a little sticky.

C. Jones, Little Rock, AK

WE DEMAND A RECOUNT

Thanks for the Man of the Year ballot, but I think I already know this year's winner. Christian St. John. I took one look at him and all I can say is *perfection!* The more I look at him, the more I want him. If anyone asks me about my religion, I'm telling them I worship Christian.

G. Ruiz, Brooklyn, NY

We welcome letters from readers, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to: Letters to the Editor, *Men*, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356, or e-mail us at **letters@menmagazine.com.**

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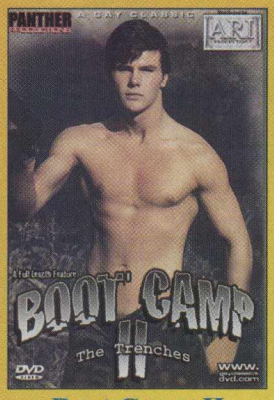
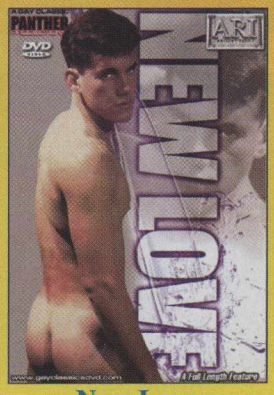
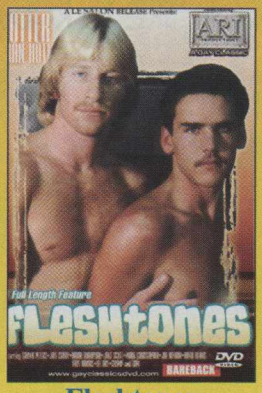


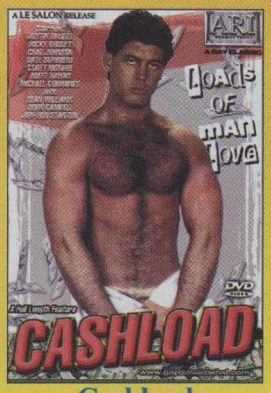
Boot Camp II
71 minutes / 5 scenes



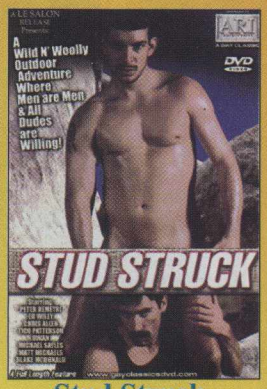
New Love
72 minutes / 4 scenes



Fleshtones
74 minutes / 5 scenes



Cashload
87 minutes / 5 scenes



Stud Struck
87 minutes / 5 scenes

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Sexpert

by Mark Rutherford, Psychotherapist

I have been having waking up with erections every night around 1:30 or 2 A.M. I'm not complaining, but I would like to know why this is happening to me.

BODY IMAGE PRODUCTIONS

Dear Sexpert, I am a healthy 53-year-old gay white male in good physical condition. I have been waking up with erections every night around 1:30 or 2 A.M. I'm not complaining, but I would like to know why this is happening to me, considering my age. My cock is nicely shaped and of average size. I have not had a partner in years but I do masturbate, as all guys do, to shoot my load. I have been careful in the past about anal intercourse because I saw my past partner die from AIDS and I do not want to catch that debilitating disease. When I want a cock up my butt, I have always insisted that the guy I'm with use a condom. I would welcome your thoughts and ideas on the subject for me. Thanks.

It sounds like you are experiencing normal bodily functions. When men get hard-ons at night they are referred to as "nocturnal erections." Subsequently, when you actually come while you are sleeping it is called "nocturnal emissions." For most men it usually happens during a wet dream in which they are having sex with some hot man.

My question to you is, What are you thinking about during those nighttime hours as you lie in your bed? Do your thoughts drift to men? Having sex with them? Kissing them? Maybe just being in a relationship with a man? Sometimes a good conversation or just a certain look in a guy's eye is enough to get some men hard. It sounds as if you may have had some rough experiences in the love department in your past. Losing a lover is a devastating experience and can change your views about love and sex forever. Have you spoken with a therapist about your feelings over having lost a loved one? If not, I would strongly suggest doing so. Talk therapy can be very helpful in uncovering our feelings. It also works to restructure our thought processes regarding things that happen in our life and our reactions to these events. For example, losing a lover may have pushed you away from sex with another person altogether. This aversion to sex may spill over into your willingness to find and be in a meaningful relationship. This leads to loneliness and disconnection. It is a normal human condition to want human contact. This contact comes in the form of emotional and physical intimacy with other humans. Physical intimacy includes sex. To take yourself out of these experiences is to deny yourself the full experience of life.

When you don't allow yourself to "go there" emotionally, sometimes your body does it for you. Enter the wet dreams and nocturnal hard-ons. This is just a thought, of course, and I urge you to follow up with a therapist. But it sounds as if what you need is to jump back into your life and begin to take some chances once again. If I can be of any more help, please let me know.

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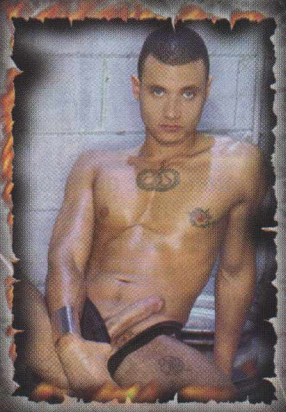

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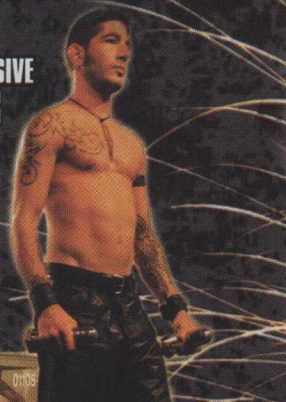

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Sexpert

Continued

During the course of getting to know each other, it came up that the guy was on antidepressants, which my friend now suspects is the cause of the low-energy physicality.

LUCAS KAZAN PRODUCTIONS

Dear Sexpert, I have an interesting question for you. A good friend mentioned to me that he's been seeing this guy for a while, and things are humming along just great, but there's a little snag: there's no fire in the bedroom. During the course of getting to know each other, it came up that the guy was on antidepressants, which my friend now suspects is the cause of the low-energy physicality between them. Everything else about the way this guy interacts with my friend seems to indicate that he is interested in my friend romantically (as opposed to a platonic friendship), and my friend is getting ready to talk to this guy about going from casual dating to a full-fledged romantic relationship. So the question is, in the course of discussing where they stand (and bringing up the lack of sex in their developing relationship), should the meds be brought up? My friend suspects that his love interest's low sex-drive is a result of the medication, but wonders about the etiquette of a) bringing up the whole, "Why aren't we having more sex?" issue and b) the appropriateness of bringing the antidepressant medication into the discussion.

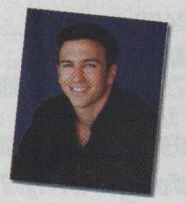
Tell your friend that if he wants to be in this relationship and really cares for this man that he has no choice but to ask about the medication. Yes, it can be a touchy subject to bring up. But many things are hard to talk about. Family, religion, sex, money are all hard topics. However, all of them must be broached if a successful relationship is to ensue.

Truthfully, there is no etiquette in these matters. I always urge people to take a risk. Love is nothing if not a risk. Take a deep breath and bring up the subject during a relaxing down time between the two of you. For example, over coffee and the paper on a Sunday morning. Something as nonconfrontational as possible. Express your feelings for this person and then say something along the lines of "because I care for you so much I want us to be able to have this conversation." This disclaimer of sorts will lessen his anxiety and open him up to have a more frank discussion with you about what is really going on.

For the record, the antidepressants are most likely the cause of his lessened sexual prowess. The most commonly prescribed antidepressants belong to a drug class called serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs). Serotonin is the chemical in your brain that affects your mood, sometimes called the "happy chemical." It's a complicated subject, but, in essence, the way the drugs are constructed to bring up your serotonin level means that something else in your brain gets blocked. Oftentimes what gets blocked is the person's ability to fully experience sexual pleasure. Many patients who take SSRIs say they masturbate for hours without being able to come. They want to feel the pleasure in their brains but their bodies can't experience the sensation. Some patients describe the experience as they want to have sex but just have no physical desire. In either case, the result is less sexual activity. Not a good thing for the person they are sleeping with.

My suggestion to your friend is to have him contact his doctor and discuss the situation. I would also suggest that your friend ask for a referral to a good psychopharmacologist. Oftentimes general practitioners know very little about the complexities of antidepressant drugs and prescribe whatever drug has been marketed to them by the pharmaceutical rep. This does not mean it is right for the patient. There are a lot of drugs out there. Each one has a different chemical makeup. The reason a wide variety of drugs have been developed is so physicians can prescribe medications that will work wth the different chemical makeups of prospective users. One drug may cause sexual side effects for one person but the next person will experience no side effects whatsoever. A psychopharmacologist could consult with you, take a medical inventory, and find a drug that offers you everything: a better mood and the ability to get it on with your boyfriend. See, you really can have it all!

The Sexpert wants to hear from you. Send letters to the Sexpert, c/o *Men*, P.O. Box 4356, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4356. Questions can also be sent by e-mail to **AskSexpert@menmagazine.com**. Your name will not appear in print. All letters become property of the Sexpert. Comments of a more personal nature can also be addressed to Mark Rutherford, a Florida-based licensed psychotherapist: MDRutherford@aol.com.



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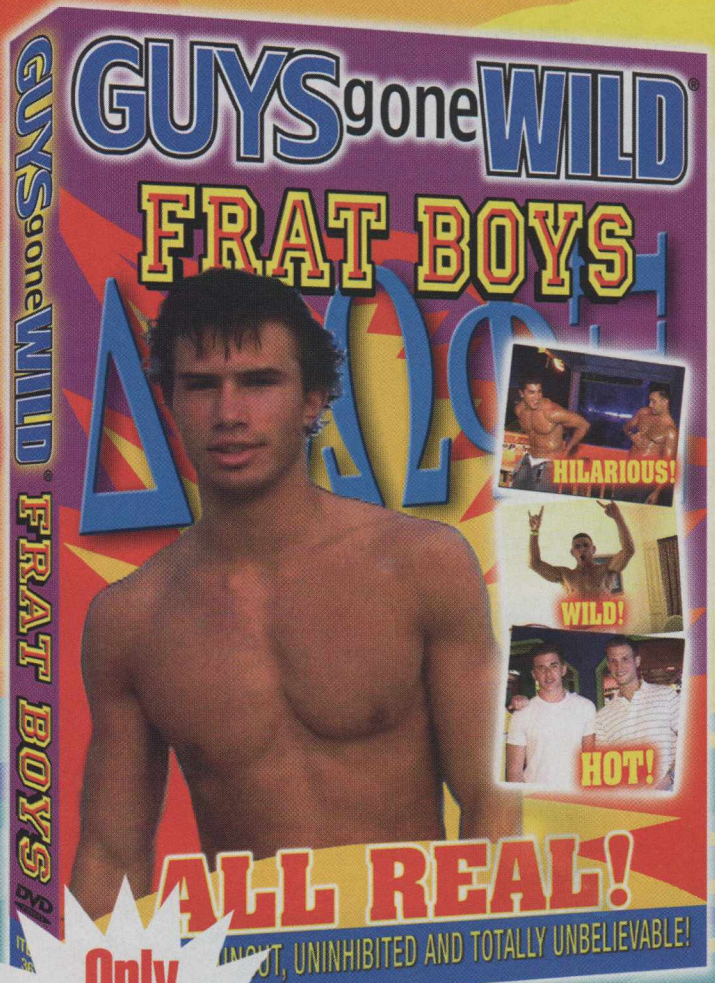

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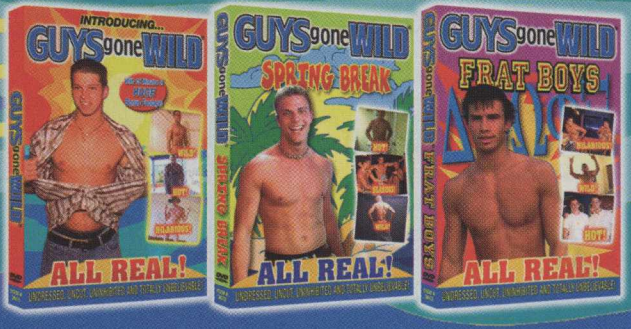

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As a top, bottom or, as we see in *Raw*, somewhere in between, Kent makes every scene he's in sizzle.

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DIVORCED DICK

WORDS BY JAY STARRE · ILLUSTRATION BY KENT

Victor picked his way through the trash littering the yard, truly disgusted by the time he climbed the rickety steps to the trailer's front door. *No wonder his client wanted to divorce the slob*, Victor thought. Bringing divorce papers to the soon-to-be ex-spouses of his clients was one of his least favorite parts of his job.

Even on a good day the task was unpleasant, but on a day like today, with the summer heat so oppressive and the blistering California sun bearing down like a steamroller, it was even worse. Beads of sweat trickled from his well-coiffed dark hair and stained the collar of his dress shirt. He climbed the rickety steps and knocked loudly on the screen door. He dug his fingers into the knot of his tie, trying to loosen its stranglehold without mussing his clothes. It was important to look professional, after all.

"Come in. It's open," a deep voice called from inside.

Victor pulled open the screen door and peered inside. He was surprised to find that the trailer's interior was much tidier than the yard and noticeably cooler, thanks to a large fan perched on the kitchen counter. Across the narrow room a man clad only in a tank top and boxer shorts lounged in an armchair, basking in the cool breeze.

"I'm Victor Smith," Victor said politely as he stepped inside. "I'm looking for Treat Dawson."

"Sorry I'm not dressed, Smith," the man replied, scratching his belly absently. "I suppose you came to get me to sign the divorce papers," OK, I'm not gonna fucking argue. Do you want a beer?"

The man's tone wasn't unfriendly, but his blunt language set Victor on edge. He eyed the man carefully, trying to gauge the situation without being obvious. He may have only been out of law school for a little over a year, but Victor had been in enough situations like this to know that things could turn ugly fast. This man was a brute, no question, Victor decided. Yet he was handsome, with a cleft chin, plump lips and big brown eyes. The skimpy top barely concealed his muscular chest, and Victor couldn't help but notice how the thin boxers clung to his bulging crotch and beefy thighs.

Treat remained in his chair, a beer in one hand, the other down in his crotch, massaging what looked like a fat dick beneath his flimsy boxers. Victor flushed, even with the fan blowing across his face and neck.

"Cat got your tongue, Smith?" Treat chuckled. "The beer's in the fridge."

"Uh, no thanks, Mr. Dawson. If I could just get you to sign these…" Victor stepped forward as he whipped out the divorce papers and leaned down to present them.

Victor hovered directly over the beefy stud, one of his shins grazing the man's naked calf. Treat grinned as he stared boldly up into Victor's gray eyes. There was a moment of tension as neither man moved. Then Treat abruptly laughed out loud, his hand snapping up from his crotch and seizing Victor's wrist.

"I'll sign. After you work on this for me."

Treat shoved Victor's hand into his crotch, right against his stiffening dick. With his thighs spread wide, he thrust up into Victor's hand lewdly, laughing as he did. Victor blinked and snorted with surprise. His

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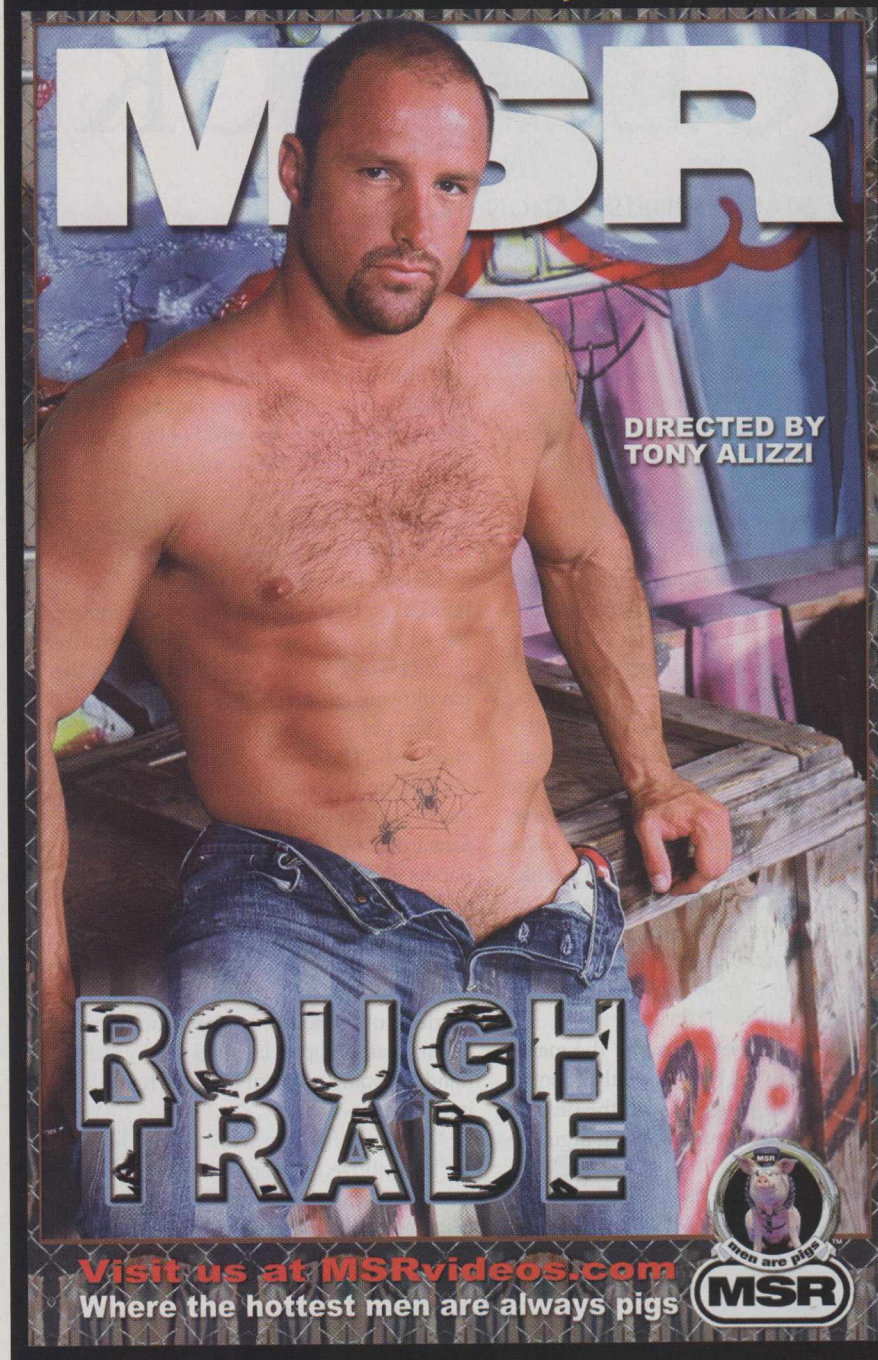

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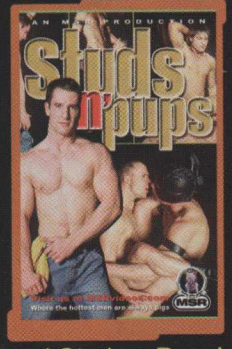

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mouth had dropped open, and he was about to blurt out an angry retort when his fingers accidentally slipped into the fly of Treat's shorts. Hot dick pressed against his hand; sweaty, moist crotch hair tangled with his fingertips.

Victor's own dick responded, thrusting up against the silk boxers under his business slacks. A flush moved from his face down his entire body in one sudden, electrifying wave. Staring into Treat's big amber orbs, Victor felt an unspoken but undeniable shift of power take place between them. Narrowing his eyes, he slowly and deliberately wrapped his fingers around Treat's fat shank and squeezed.

"I'll suck it–if you're man enough to fuck my ass with it," Victor challenged as he began to pump the big dick inside Treat's shorts with his hand.

It was Treat's turn to blink and then snort with laughter. His ass rose up off the armchair as he pumped into Victor's fingers, his face turning as pink as the lawyer's. But with his cock stiff and leaking, it was no longer a joke to either of them.

"I'm man enough, if you are. Suck away, hot stuff."

Treat's drawl was shaky as Victor stroked more vigorously, sliding the swollen tool out of Treat's fly and out in the open. Both men gasped at the sight of the purple shank. It was leaking copiously, the twitching shaft rock-hard. Treat carefully set the divorce papers on the arm of the chair and then sank to his knees between Treat's naked thighs.

"Here's how a man sucks dick," Victor growled just before leaning over to bury his face in Treat's crotch.

Treat hissed like a punctured steam pipe as the young lawyer's lips clamped over his juicy dick head. His thighs shook as he wrapped them around Victor's waist. His big hands tore at Victor's tie and shirt, miraculously managing to remove both without ripping any buttons.

Victor tasted pre-come and thrust his tongue into Treat's piss slit, lapping greedily. His lips caressed and massaged the broad dick head while his hands pulled down Treat's shorts. He was surprised at how wild Treat became, tearing off Victor's shirt and tie, then groping the lawyer's naked back and chest with greedy hands. It was immediately obvious that the stud was up for more than just getting his dick sucked. His hands were all over Victor's body, even reach-

ing down and groping his ass.

"So fucking nice, Smith! Suck that big dick before I shove it up your lawyer asshole," Treat muttered obscenely. He humped Victor's wet mouth while continuing to grope the kneeling lawyer, his fingers stroking and probing Victor's kneeling body.

Victor got Treat's underwear off without releasing the stud's dick for more than a moment, yanking down on the boxers until they landed on Treat's bare feet. Once he had the crotch bared, Victor went to work on Treat's tool with his tongue and lips. Treat groaned as Victor tongued up and down his cock, nipping at the swollen shaft and slurping up his balls one at a time. Victor rolled the fat 'nads around in his mouth greedily as he used both hands to stroke Treat's dick, imagining that giant meat sliding up his butt soon.

Victor may have been the one on his knees, but he was the one in control. Treat was whimpering and moaning nonstop as the young lawyer worked him over. Victor could feel Treat's desire as the stud groped the lawyer's naked back and began to tear at his belt and fly. Treat was on fire! Victor grinned around the dick in his mouth as he made his next move. He slid his hands under Treat's beefy thighs and lifted, shoving them back against Treat's chest. While the seated stud gasped with surprise, Victor crammed his face in Treat's spread ass and tongued his crack. The lawyer found Treat's puckered asshole and stabbed at it with his long tongue.

"Fuck! What are you doing to me? Are you licking my ass?" Treat's drawl had become a lusty squeal as Victor's tongue swabbed out his asshole.

The big stud's ass was sleek and surprisingly hairless. Victor groped it with his hands, squeezing the chunky cheeks and pulling them apart as he nuzzled Treat's delectable pucker. After a few minutes of scrumptiously sloppy tongue work, he knew he had Treat where he wanted him.

Victor pulled his face out of Treat's ass and rose to his feet. "Let's see if you can fuck ass, Mr. Dawson."

The young lawyer's smirk made Treat laugh, even though he was half bent over with his naked ass wide open, his asshole wet and gaping, and his body on fire. His lust had been intensified by the ass licking, and staring up at Victor's lean chest and wide shoulders, he wanted to fuck the young lawyer

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more than ever.

"Strip, Smith. Let's see that lawyer butt of yours. I'm more than ready to pound it good," Treat taunted right back.

Victor jogged regularly, and even though he wasn't tall or built big, he was athletically muscular. Once he'd stepped out of his slacks and underwear, Treat smacked his lips appreciatively at the lawyer's smoothly trim body. The purple rod jutting out from his slim waist had Treat's eyebrows raised, but it was the twin globes of butt cheek that Treat wanted. He sat up and reached out to seize them in his big hands, pulling Victor forward to kneel on his lap.

"This sweet ass is all mine, lawyer," Treat growled with a nasty leer.

The fingers pulling his ass cheeks open were rough and crude, but Victor loved it. He knelt with his thighs on either side of Treat's hairy legs and sat down, reaching back to shove Treat's slick, fat cock up into his exposed crack, right against his asshole.

"Fuck," Treat groaned as he felt the satin heat of Victor's ass crevice and puckered slot against his dick head.

"Yeah, stud. You got it right. Fuck me with your big cock. Fuck me like a man–or can you?" Victor stared down into Treat's brown eyes and leered right back, shoving his own stiff dick against Treat's belly and chest.

"Don't you need some grease or lube or something?" Treat gasped, his cock twitching between Victor's sleek butt cheeks.

"Spit on your fingers and rub your dick with it. Get that fat tool all wet so it slides up my hungry hole," the young lawyer ordered with a smirk.

Treat grinned as he followed Victor's directions, hawking on a pair of fingers and then reaching back to cram them up into Victor's ass beside his dick. Instead of rubbing his cock with them, he found Victor's asshole and jabbed at it. They both grunted as twin digits slammed past Victor's convulsing ass lips.

"Tight and hot," Treat gasped.

"That hole is going to squeeze your dick tight and not let go until it blows," Victor muttered breathlessly as he felt two fingers turning and twisting inside him. The harsh ache sent shivers up and down his spine and he arched his back and wiggled his butt over the invaders lustily. It felt good–fuck, it felt great! The fat cock rubbing around in his crack was going to feel fantastic.

Treat spit on a pair of fingers from his other hand and crammed them up behind Victor in the young lawyer's crack. He slid the ones in Victor's hole out with a lewd slurp and immediately replaced them with the others, shoving and twisting viciously. Victor grunted and bit his lip, humping the fat fingers up his ass before rising up and aiming Treat's fat cockhead at his asshole. He wanted cock!

Just as Treat slid his fingers from Victor's hole, the lawyer sat down, his hands firm around the base of Treat's stiff tool. Anal lips parted with a squish and Treat's blunt dick head slid inside Victor. The young lawyer moaned and shook all over, the ache nearly unbearable as the huge knob stretched him from the inside. The only solution to the powerful agony was to force more dick up his butt. Slowly and deliberately, he sat down on Treat's rod, swallowing inch after painful inch while his anal muscles throbbed and expanded and finally accepted the hot thing to the root.

"Amazing, fucking amazing," Treat moaned. His cock was encased in quivering ass heat. The handsome lawyer's naked body was quaking in his lap, his dick stiff and drooling against Treat's hairy chest. Treat had both hands clasped around Victor's smooth butt cheeks, squeezing them almost as tightly as Victor's asshole clenched around his aching cock.

As Victor felt that gooey tide flowing into his aching slot, his own dick blew, a geyser that splattered Treat's beautiful cleft chin and plump lips with nut juice.

Victor stared down into Treat's eyes as he began to slowly rise off of Treat's fat prick. The spit-wet dick slid out as ass lips puckered around the shaft. Treat felt around in Victor's crack, fingering the hole and feeling those butt lips stretch and strain as they released more and more of Treat's big bone. Victor rose up until just the head of Treat's cock was trapped inside his tight butt rim. He hesitated as they both ran their hands up and down Treat's slick, fat shaft, feeling all that girth about to drive back into Victor's snug bung.

"Take that cock," Treat urged, his drawl practically a plea.

Victor managed a shaky smile just before he began to sit back down on Treat's monster meat. They both groaned as the hot pole slithered back up Victor's hole, inch by inch, until it was once more completely buried up the lawyer's slot.

Victor squirmed and writhed his butt in circles over Treat's hairy lap once he had that fat meat back inside. His hole had relaxed just enough for the pain to subside, replaced by a heated throb that seemed to possess him. He loved that cock up his ass! And now that he had it up his butt, he wanted to fuck it, fuck it with his greedy hole until the big thing spewed.

"I'm going to pull a load out of you, Treat. I'm going to fuck your dick with my asshole until you scream," Victor grunted as he stared down into Treat's eyes.

Treat licked his plump lips and grinned, as possessed by the lawyer's asshole as Victor was by Treat's fat dick. But when Victor reached down with both hands and seized Treat's nipples between thumbs and forefingers and twisted, the seated stud did scream, with burning lust.

"Oh yeah, yeah, mmm, what a sweet ass, mmm," Treat muttered over and over as Victor humped Treat's fat cock while pinching his nipples viciously. The twin sensations of his cock being squeezed and rubbed and his nipples being tugged and twisted had him writhing all over the armchair in a gasping fit.

Victor rode Treat's dick, feeling the mushroom head beat and pound his prostate while the fat shank stretched and teased his ass lips. He knew he was about to, but he wanted Treat to blow first. He rose and fell faster, massaging Treat's stiff bone with rapid thrusts of his ass. Treat's fingers clamped and kneaded Victor's firm ass cheeks, lifting and then pulling down on the lawyer's butt to increase the tempo as he moaned and grunted beneath him.

"Here it comes," Treat shouted. A river of jizz roared out of his nuts, through his shank and into Victor's butt hole.

It was just in time. As Victor felt that gooey tide flowing into his aching slot, his own dick blew, a geyser that splattered Treat's beautiful cleft chin and plump lips with nut juice.

In the rapture of release, Victor stared down at Treat's face, wondering what the stud would do now that he had come all over his lips. To the lawyer's dumbfounded shock, Treat's tongue snaked out to lap up the goo as if it was cream from the cow.

As Victor rode Treat's cock to orgasm and watched the stud lick off his lips, he realized once and for all why his client was divorcing the stud. *Treat was fucking gay! He was gay.* ■

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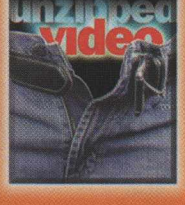

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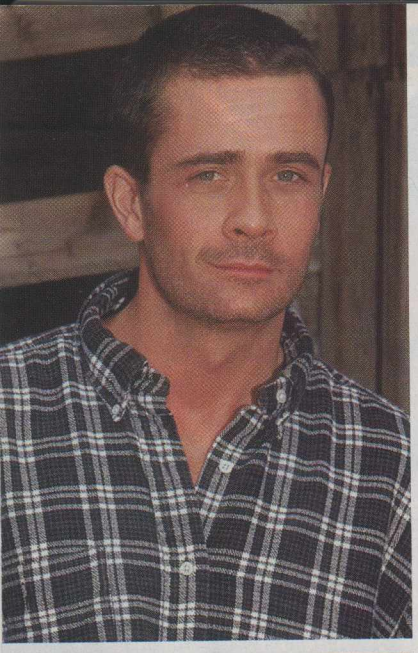

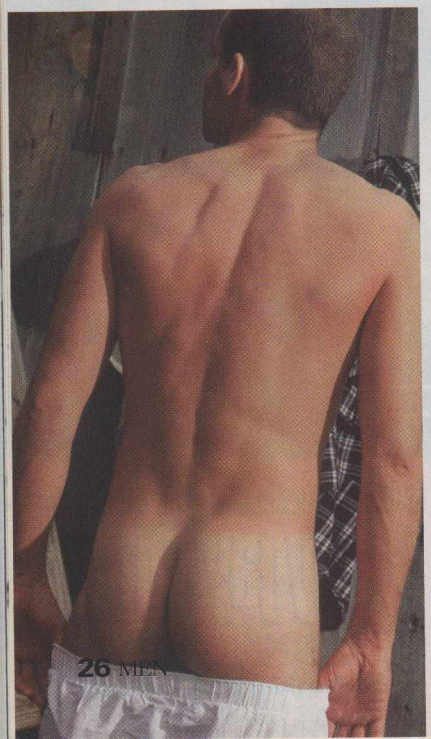

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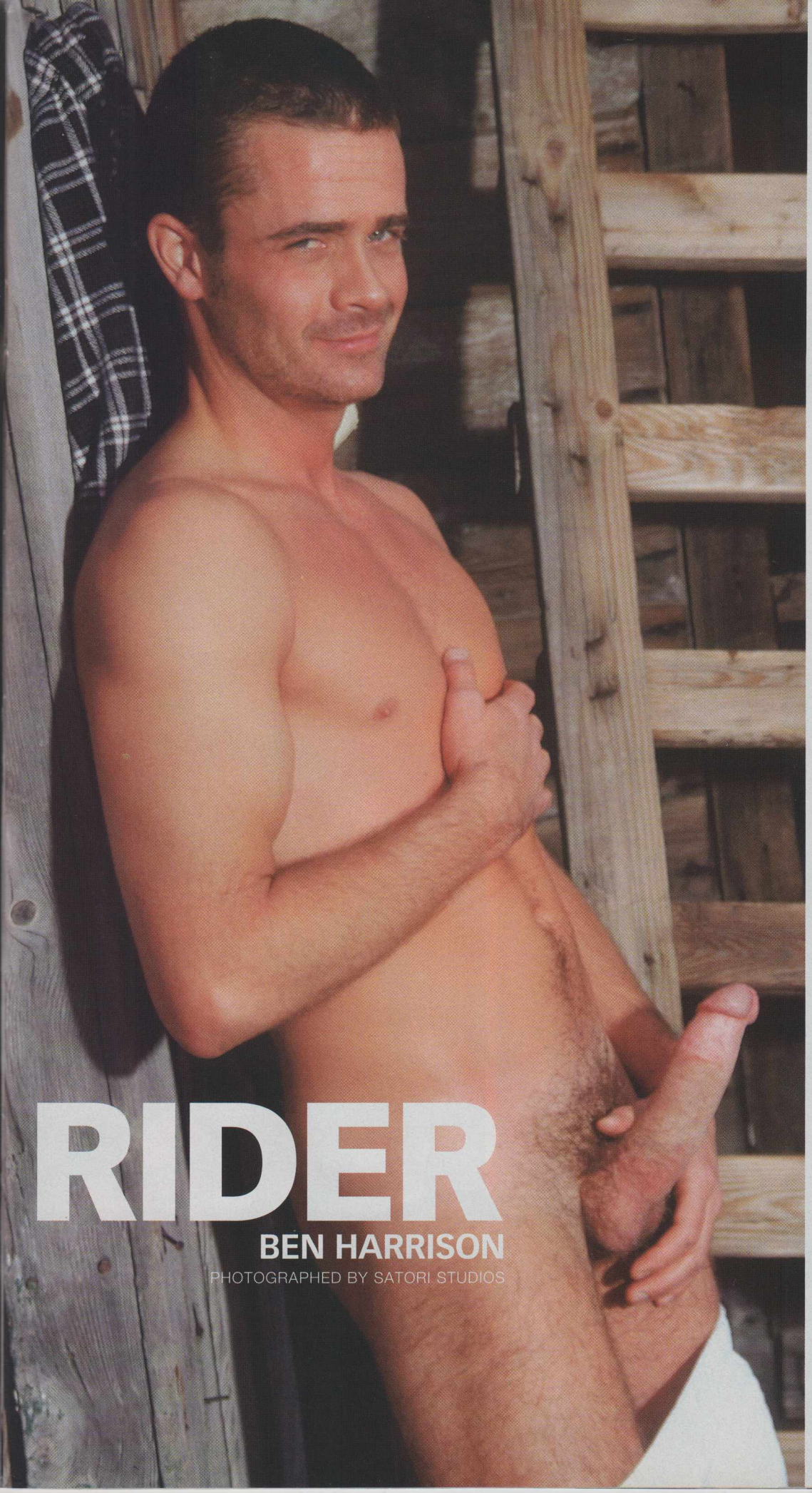


RIDER

BEN HARRISON

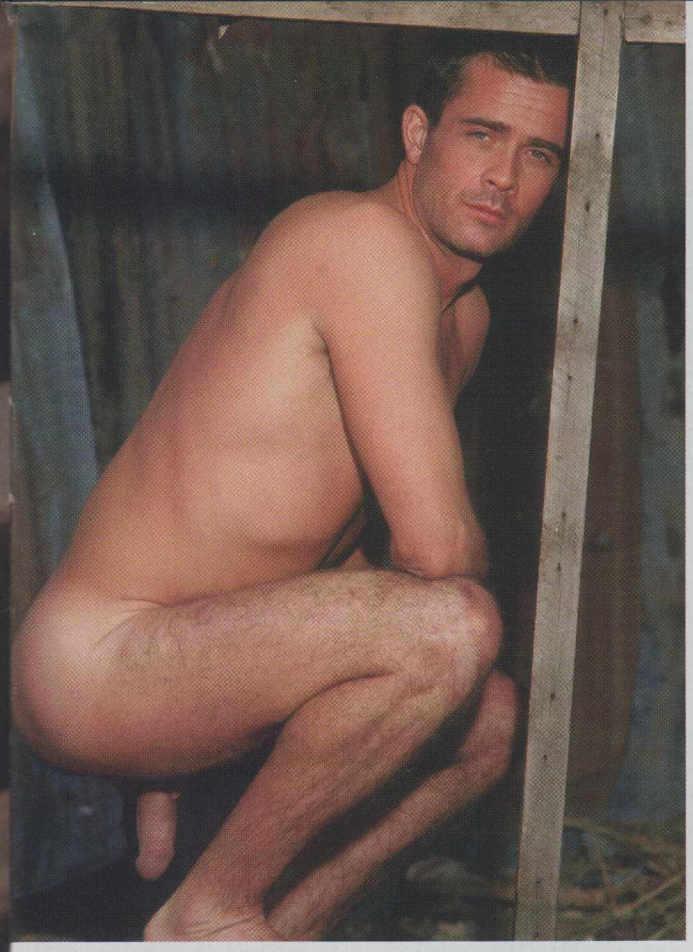
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SATORI STUDIOS

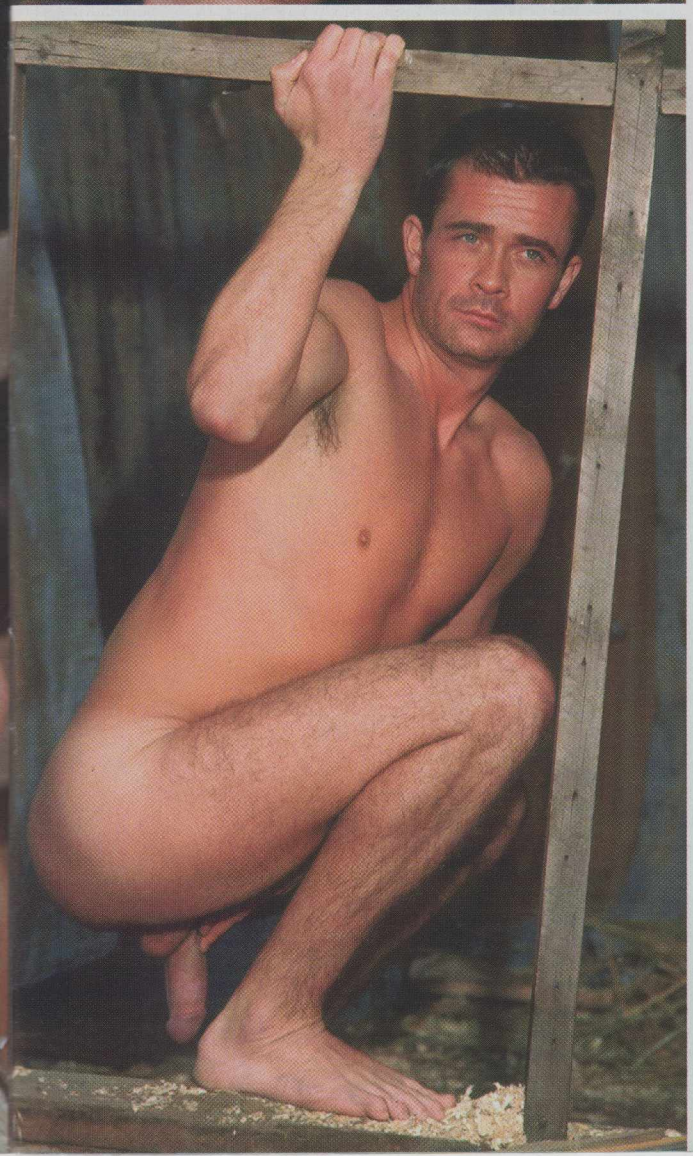
With his devil-may-care smirk, irresistably insolent slouch and twinkly bedroom eyes, sexy ranch hand Ben Harrison reminds us of a cross between UK pop singer Robbie Williams and James Dean in the movie *Giant* (an appropriate reference, considering how hung our boy Ben is!).

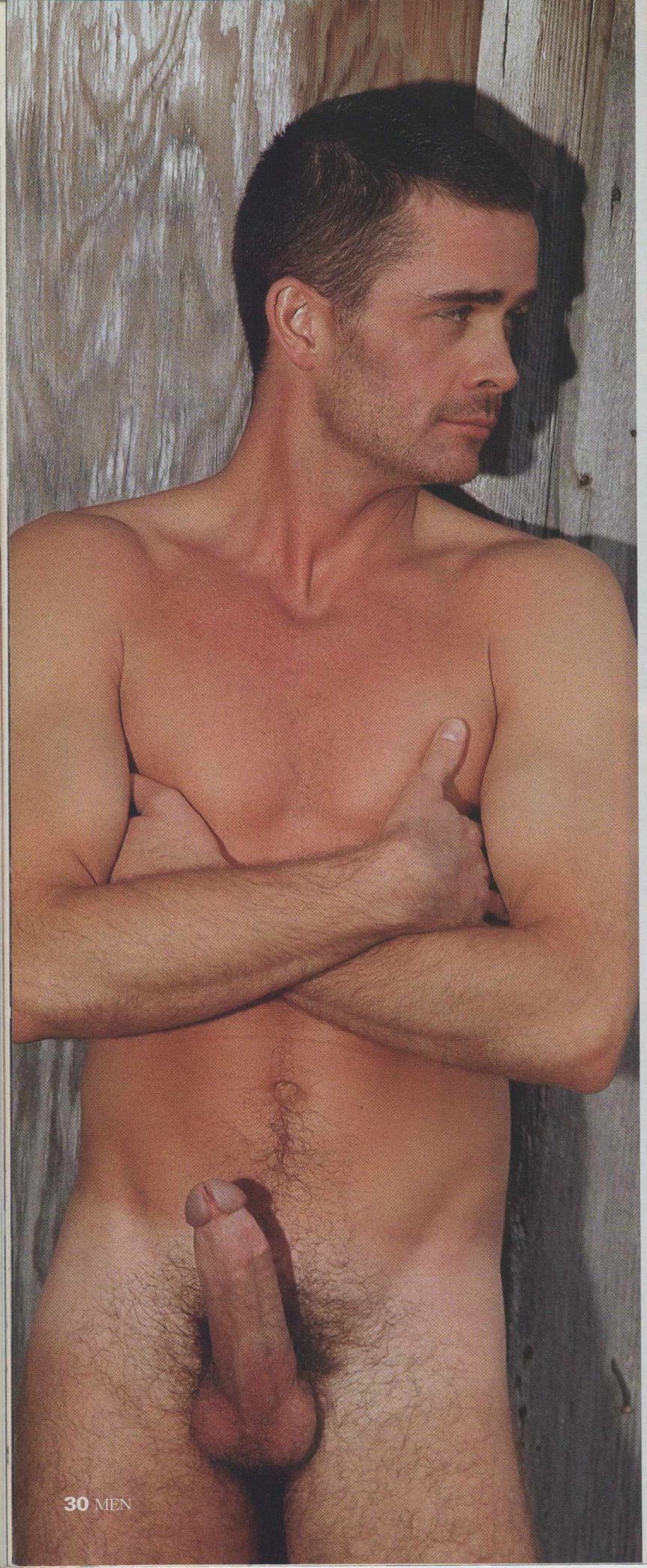
Watching him work, we're also reminded of the underlying homoeroticism in much of the culture of the old Wild West. History books tell us that because the men far outnumbered the women, at social gatherings certain guys would tie a bandana around their arm to indicate they were willing to dance in a "womanly fashion."

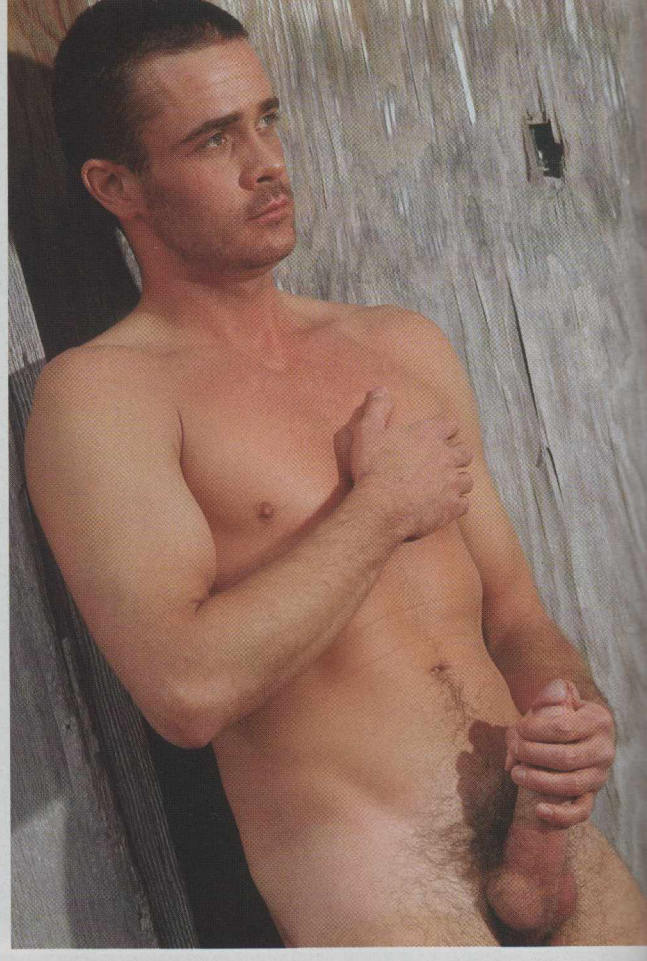
There's nothing "womanly" about Ben–he's all man, and he's built for fun. When we tell him we think he looks like a cowboy from the old West, he replies with a grin, "Save a horse, ride a cowboy."

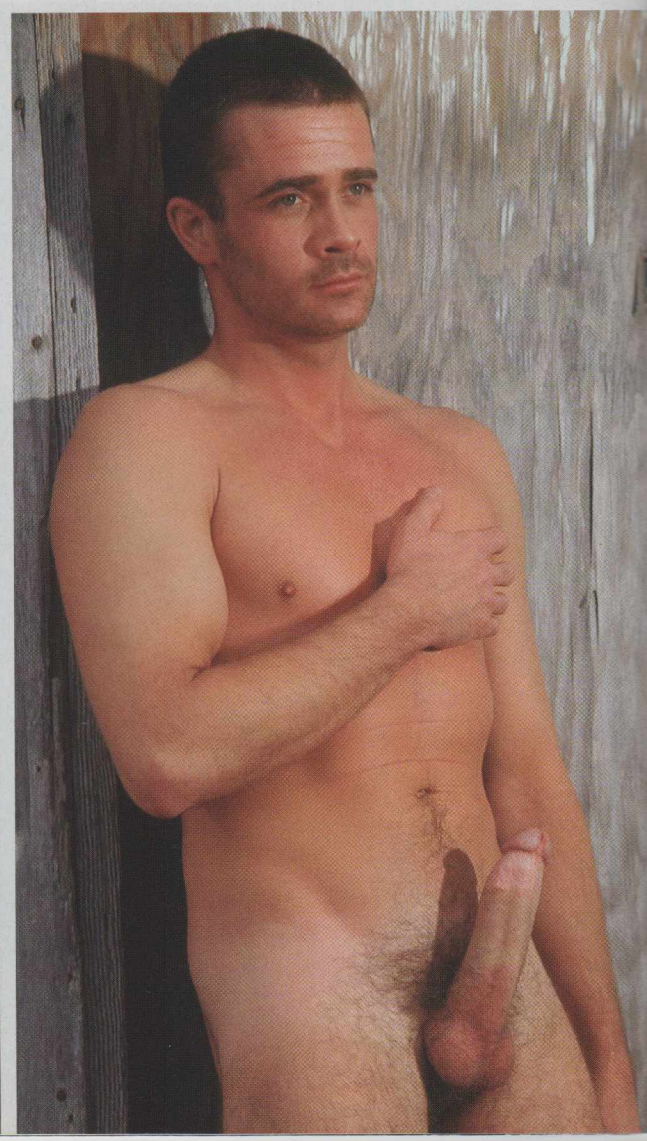
You don't have to ask us twice, partner.

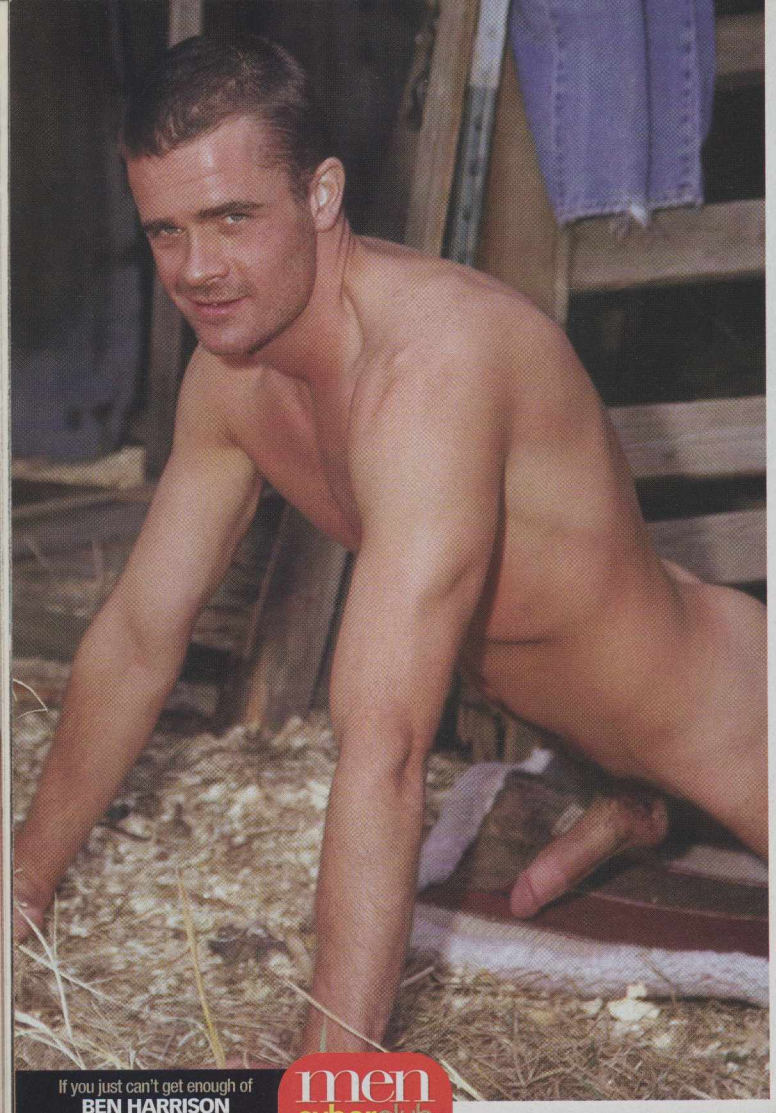












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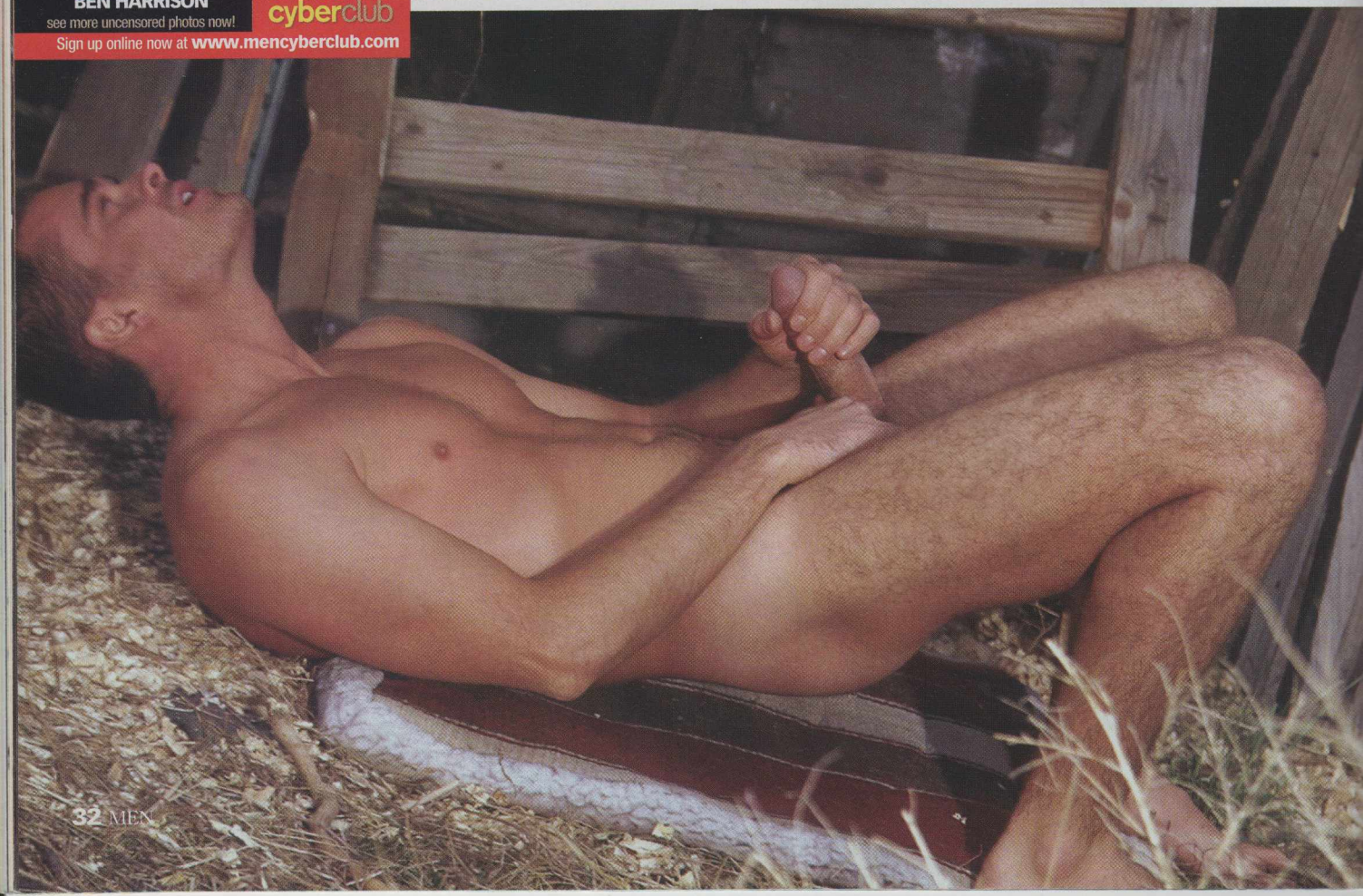

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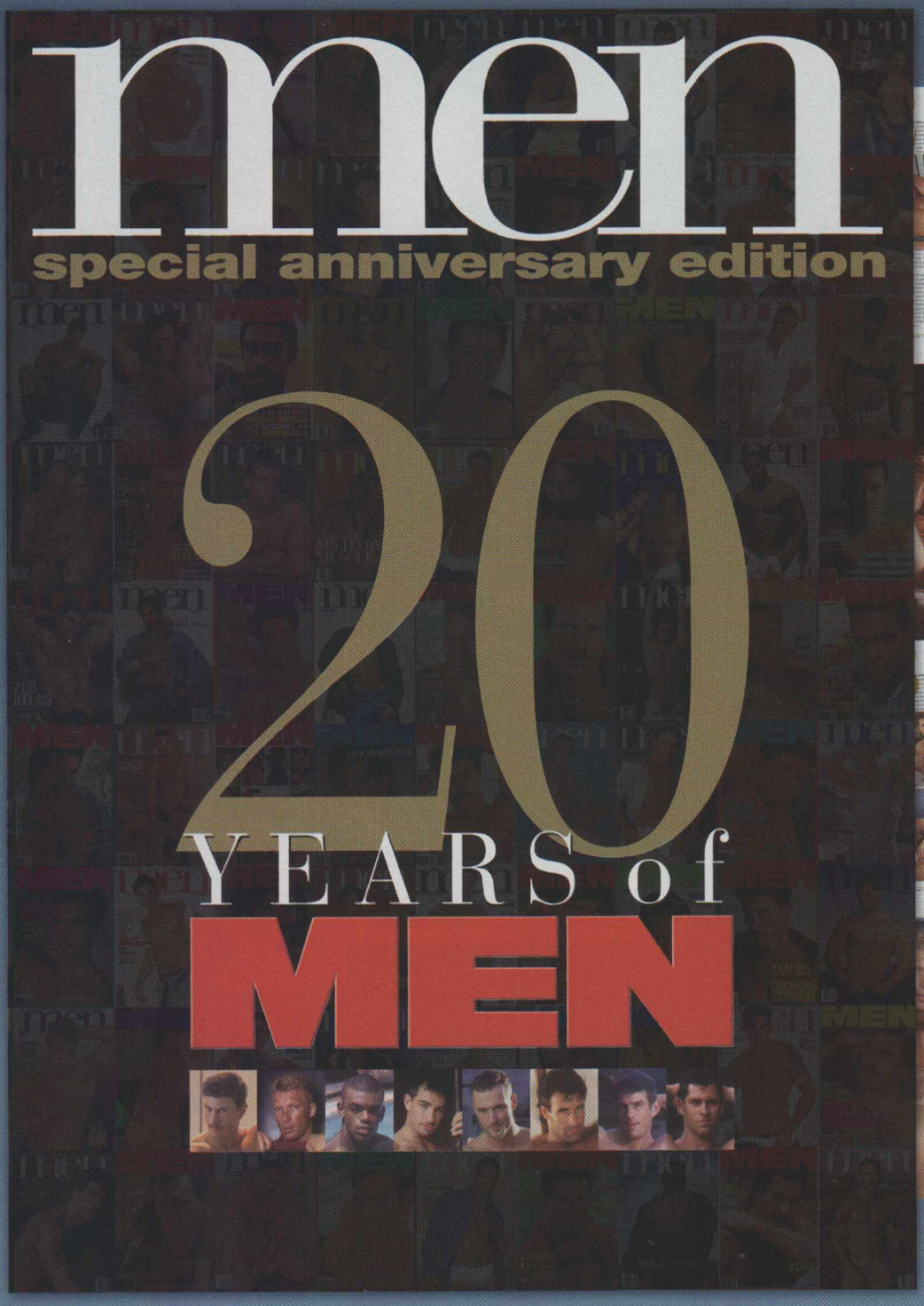

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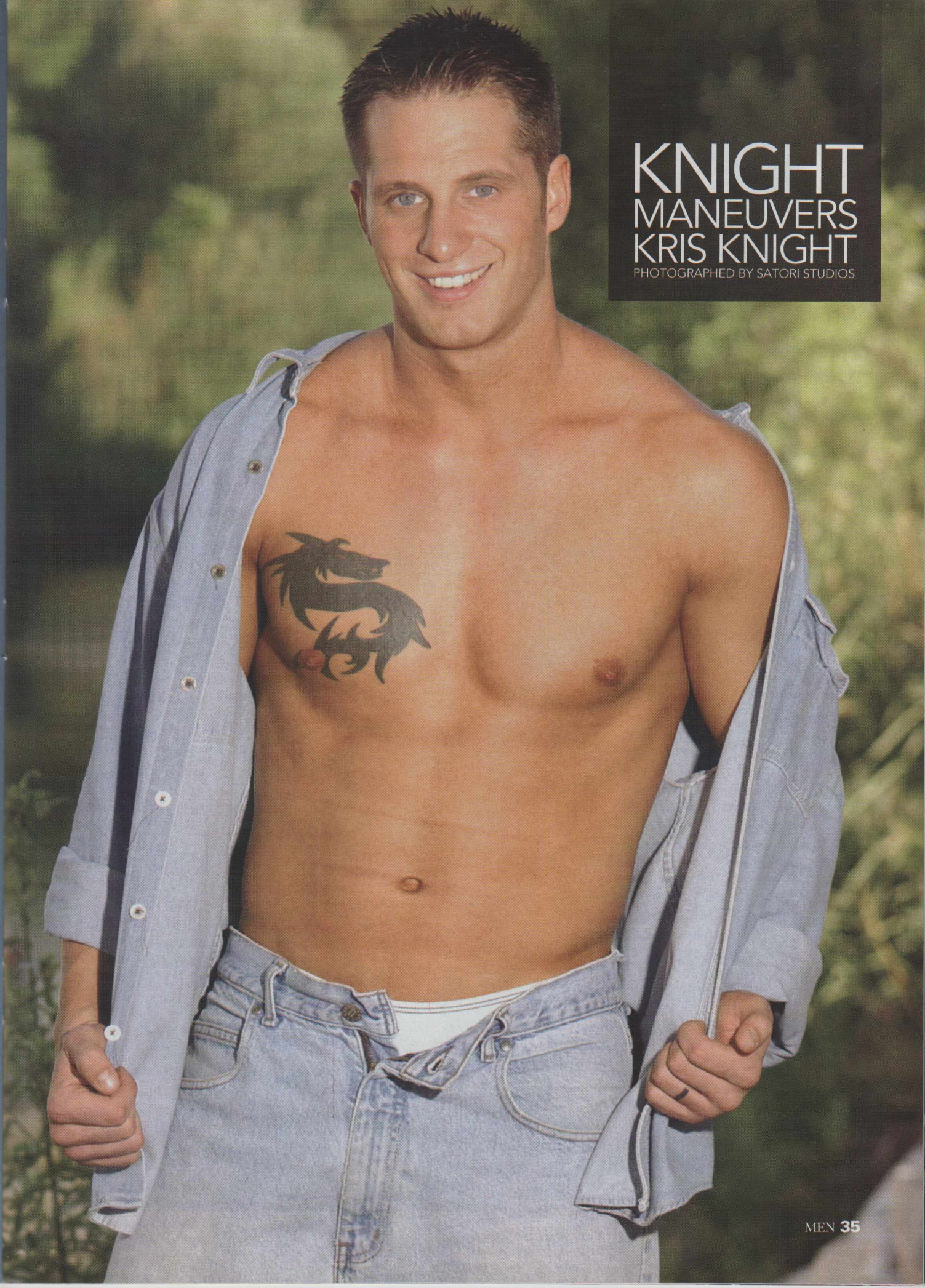

KNIGHT MANEUVERS KRIS KNIGHT

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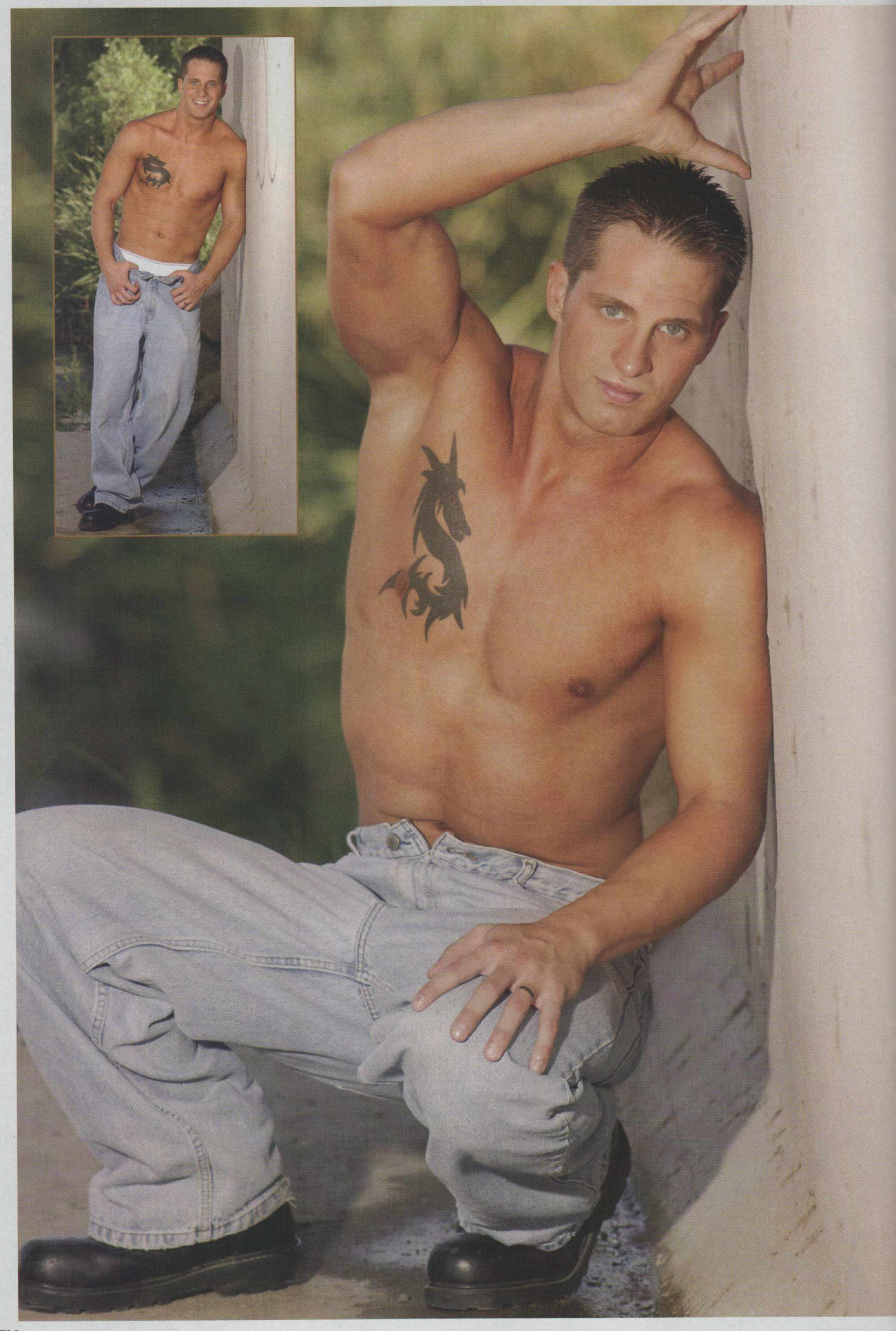
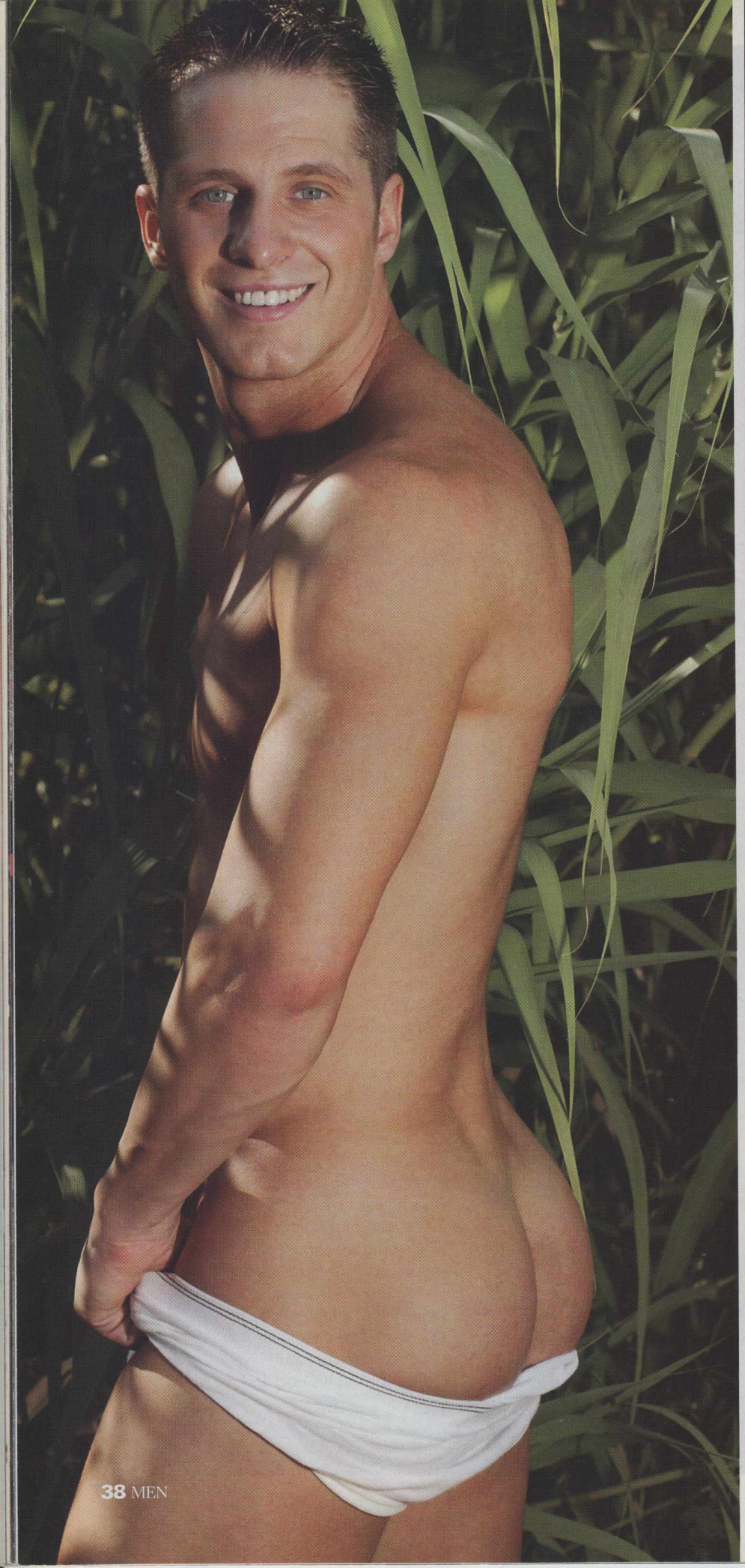


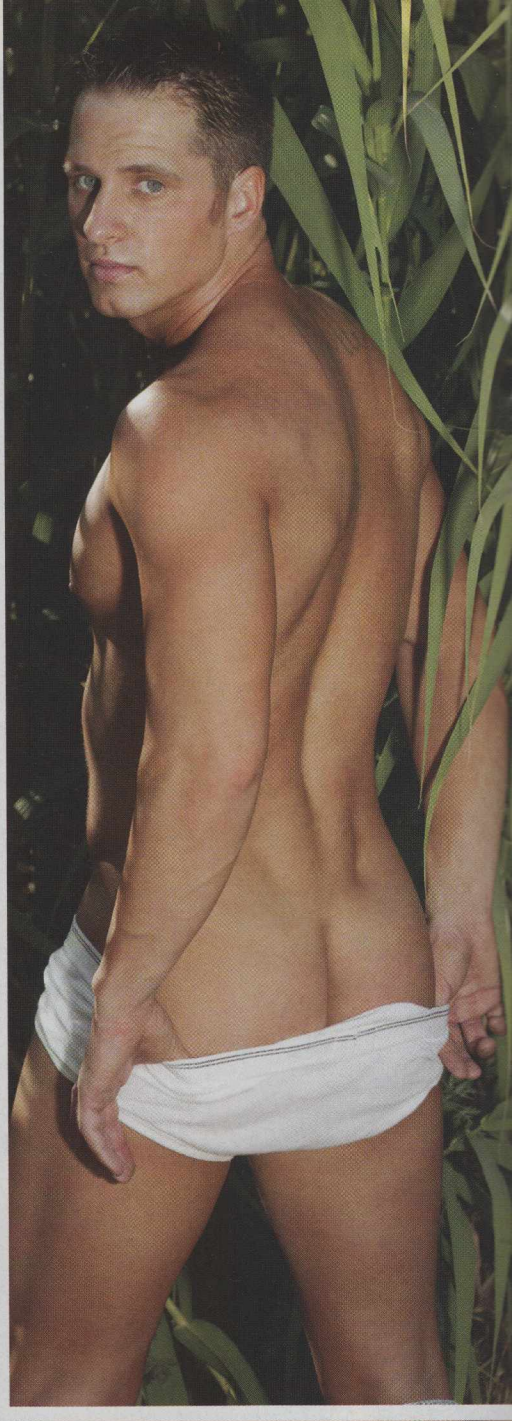
"Here? You want me to get naked right here?" Kris asked, sounding less and less sure about agreeing to the shoot.

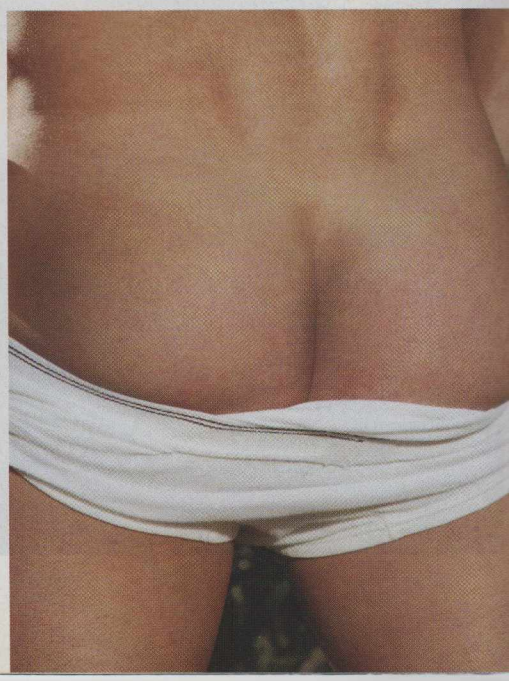
It took a little convincing, but getting this Midwestern hottie out of his briefs turned out to be a worthwhile task. We're always up for a challenge here at *Men* magazine, especially when the prize is a thick slab of man meat and a lickable, kissable (and fuckable) pair of ass cheeks just like the ones we found in Kris' pants. From his smooth chest to the downy fuzz on his balls, we love every inch of this stud.

Why did we choose to photograph this corn-fed cutie out in a literal corn field? Because we believe that a natural beauty like Kris should be shot in his natural surroundings, au naturel.

One look at his bod and we're sure you'll agree.







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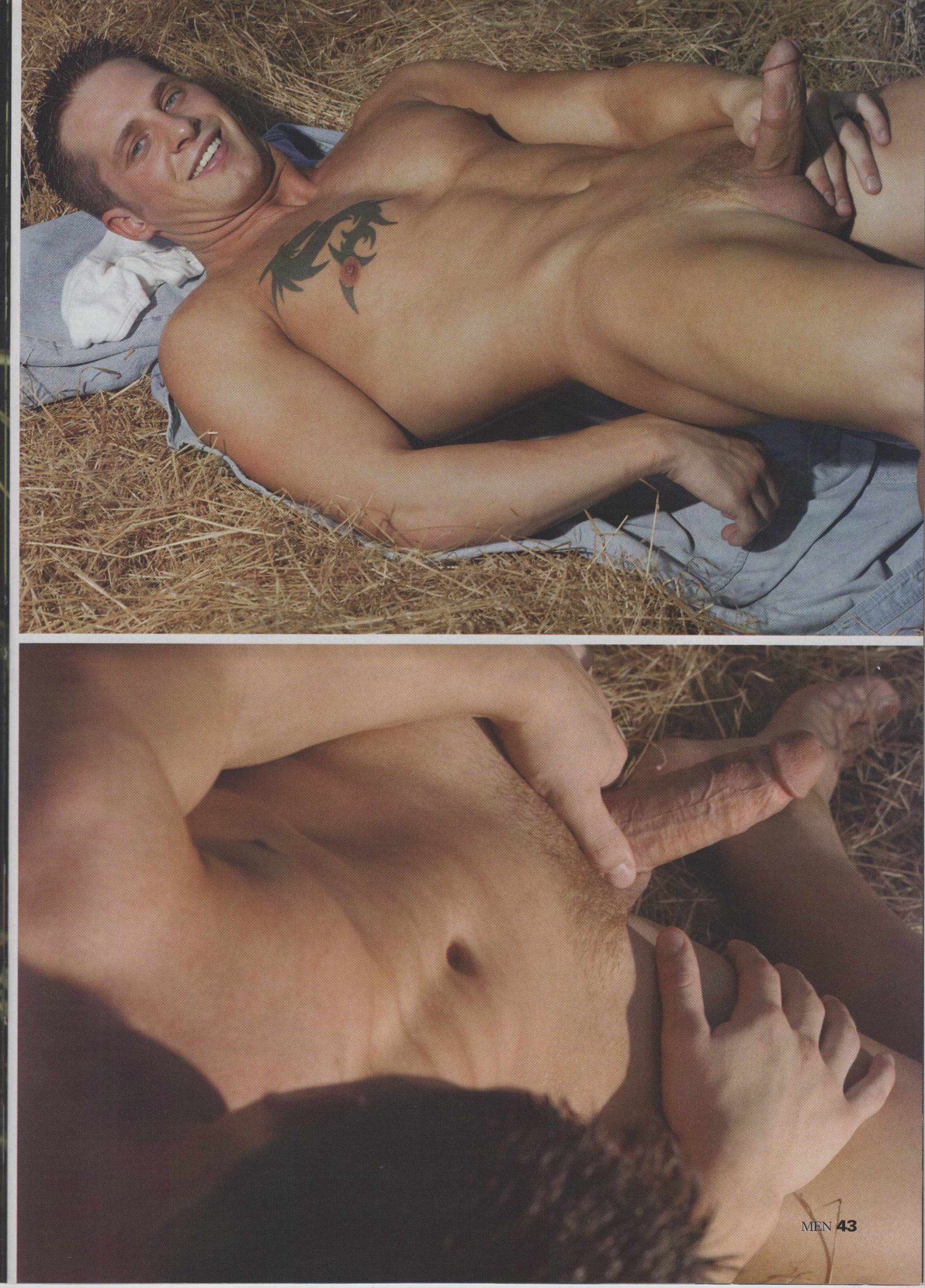

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FANTASY BASEBALL

WORDS BY T. HITMAN · ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE

Matt Prior had one of those classic windups when he took to the pitcher's mound, pure poetry in his movements and raw force in his delivery. First he clutched the baseball in his right hand hard enough to flex the veins on his hairy, muscled arms yet sufficiently gentle to finesse it into delivering strikes. Kicking up one of his long, strong legs, swinging a huge foot out, he flung the ball into the catcher's mitt with an impact that sounded like the clap of thunder.

According to the box scores, Matt "Mad Dog" Prior had just celebrated his 29th birthday, but all it took was one look at him in his blue pinstripes to know he was something of a throwback, what the young guys on the team called "old school." He wore his stirrups under short uniform pants to show a hint of sweat sock, and he kept the same ball cap all season, because to change it would invite bad mojo into his game. He was never too busy to sign an autograph and was known for his generosity to the community, to reporters and especially to his new teammates, winning nine of his last 10 starts. He threw in the mid 90s and never at an opponent's head, though he wasn't afraid to come inside and brush a batter away from the plate.

The team's catcher, Todd Willette, had given Prior his nickname early on during spring training, and it stuck—even though a name like Mad Dog couldn't have been more different from his demeanor: a corn-fed Midwestern gentleman who shaved every day—unless the team was in a slump and all of the guys were wearing scruff on their faces.

The rest of Mad Dog Prior's box score racked up equally impressive stats: according to his scouting report, the flamethrower stood at 6 foot 3 and weighed in at 180. His team photo was flattering and showed how cute he was with his mop of black hair, his slightly big ears and the goofy grin that hardened into the meanest of game faces when his turn in the lineup came. Tune into the game on a day when he pitched and you could tell you were looking at someone special, someone different. Stare long enough and you could imagine that under those pinstriped uniform pants his legs were covered with the same black hair as his arms, see that his ass was toned and muscled, and that Matt

Prior was packing one of the biggest cups in the majors.

And then there were the intangibles, like how every time he entered the locker room, he made you smile, made you feel alive.

Since Mad Dog signed with the team, Todd Willette had never felt so alive. He'd also never fantasized about having sex with another man, let alone a teammate. Now it seemed thinking about Mad Dog was all he ever did anymore, and as the long, hot season drew to a close, it was driving him mad with desire.

Eight and a half innings into the pitcher's duel against Houston, Number 7, Matt Prior, was still in the game. Trying to stay focused, Todd Willette took his place on the field. The day was a real nut-soaker, with temps in low 90s and a blanket of raw humidity. It made the catcher's equipment feel like a suit of armor on Todd's back. He hunkered down into position, feeling the strain on his calves and ankles. His left hand dropped between his legs, right over his cup. He looked across home plate, past the slugger scratching in the batter's box, out to the pitcher's mound. Sixty feet and six inches away, Mad Dog appeared, his arrival heralded by the cheers of the hometown faithful.

Todd's already drumming heart raced even faster. The merciless heat seemed to double in intensity. Fresh sweat dripped from the buzz cut encased in his catcher's mask and oozed down his forehead. Through the mask's cage he watched Mad Dog grip the baseball and fire it off. Todd caught the ball, lifted to his knees and pitched it back. A few more warm-up tosses later, Todd slid his hand over his cup to give the pitcher his pitch signs. To his surprise, the cup pushed back against his palm. Just watching Mad Dog's moves had gotten his dick hard again.

"Fuck," he grumbled beneath his breath. Todd was suddenly conscious of the home plate umpire looming behind him and of the Houston batter's ass in his line of sight. But both of them were peripheral shadows. The sun, hanging high in the sky and raining heat across the ballpark, lit Mad Dog Prior with a golden aura. "Focus," Todd told himself. He fought the itchy snugness of the cup squeezing down on his sweaty boner and called for a fastball. The pitcher performed his windup, the motions crisp and fluid and looking time-delayed before Todd's eyes. Then the pitch.

Crack!

Thunder exploded in Todd's glove and ears, followed by the ump's bellowing voice.

Stare long enough and you could imagine that under those pinstriped uniform pants his legs were covered with the same black hair as his arms, see that his ass was toned and muscled, and that Matt Prior was packing one of the biggest cups in the majors.

"Stree-ike!"

Todd tried to swallow but found his mouth had gone completely dry. He rose off his haunches and launched the ball back to Mad Dog. His cock head slid along its plastic trap, and his loose, wet balls swelled with the movement. Sure that at any second he was going to either pass out or shoot a load, Todd adjusted his pouch just like the other guys on the field did from time to time. He settled back on bent knees for the next pitch.

Todd called for a slider. The ball sailed, the batter whiffed at it, and again the crowd went ballistic.

One swing and five more outs later, the game mercifully ended. Mad Dog had won it for the team. Todd headed into the dugout and, with the rest of the blue pinstripes, paraded into the clubhouse to shower. His dick, pinned between a mat of hair and the unyielding snare of his nut protector, still hadn't gone soft—a recurring problem ever since the coach had given Mad Dog the locker right beside his.

The team's star pitcher delivered all of his post-game interviews to the press in a corner away from the lockers, which gave Todd's erection a chance to weaken. It never did go away completely, instead lying half-stiff in his cup and threatening to spring back to life the instant Mad Dog stood too close or Todd caught a whiff of his scent.

He kicked off his cleats and peeled down his sweaty stirrups and socks. He stood bare-chested and barefoot, dressed only in his uniform pants and his jockstrap with its XL-sized cup. The stink of maleness in the locker room after a hot August day game was heavy and electric. Even before Todd began having sexual thoughts about the new guy on the team, that musty, raw odor of men had excited him. It was the smell of teamwork—the collective odor of dozens of pairs of hot, come-filled balls working and sweating and winning together. Playing baseball swelled a man's nuts to capacity, testosterone surging through his body and giving him the rocks of a bull, which often led to locker room boners following a game. It wasn't unusual to see one of the guys strutting into the showers with his balls swinging low and his hard cock ticktocking above them, because that's what happened to men who played on a pennant-bound team.

But those other cocks were boning because of victory, not because (as best he knew) their owners wanted to suck off that day's winning pitcher.

As he took off the rest of his uniform Todd unsuccessfully willed his dick to soften. He desperately needed a shower. More than that, he needed to get the hell out of the ballpark, spit on his catcher's glove and jerk himself off to what was promising to be a monster of an orgasm.

Cooler air gusted over his legs as he peeled off his home whites. He reached into his jockstrap and carefully extracted the cup from its pouch, but in doing that, Todd accidentally brushed his thumb along the sensitive underside of his knob. His dick lurched back to stiffness and snaked its way out of his sweaty jock and into clear view.

There would be no disguising it now, and any attempt to would only draw attention to the seven-and-a-half thick, upwardly curved inches of hairy tool, so he didn't try. Instead he stepped out of his nasty jock. The nut-drenched cotton came off like a layer of shed skin, leaving his sac to hang, it felt, halfway to his

for release.

Todd reached into his locker for a clean towel and somehow managed to tie it around his waist as the clatter of heavy footsteps reached his ears. A wave of fresh air briefly cut through the piney smell of male sweat. Todd glanced to his right to see the tall, painfully handsome vision of a man in a dirty, grass-stained uniform stride up to the next locker.

Half of a goofy smile lit Mad Dog's face. "Awesome game, dude," he growled, and then, before he turned to undress, he gave Todd's butt a playful slap with the back of his hand.

Todd's insides ignited with a mix of butterflies and fireworks. He tried to think of anything to shrink his tormented cock. He focused on the previous winter and his divorce, how ugly it had been, how alone he'd felt at the end. It would have worked, except that thinking about the winter inevitably led to memories of spring and spring training and the rebirth he'd experienced when Mad Dog Prior strutted onto the ball field that first time.

That's when everything changed.

From the corner of his eye Todd watched the man, younger than him by three years, remove his lucky cap and hang it reverently upon its hook. His crop of black hair glistened with sweat. Mad Dog had already unbuttoned his baseball jersey. The gray T-shirt underneath was soaked through at the chest and pits. The contours of the locker room phased briefly out of focus when, a few seconds later, Todd heard the musical clinking sound of the star pitcher's belt being unbuckled and his zipper unzipping.

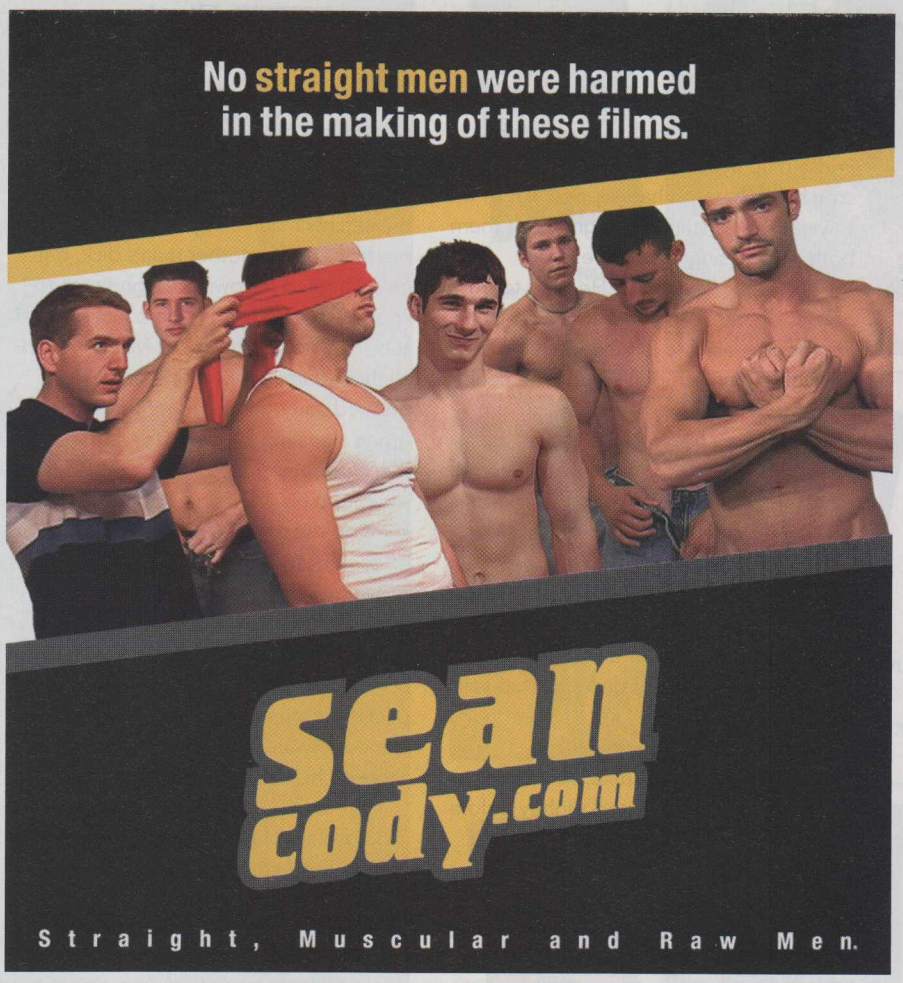
"Dude, you OK?" Mad Dog asked, stepping out of his size-13 cleats.

Todd glanced down to see the toes of the pitcher's white sweat socks were damp with perspiration.

"Yeah," he answered. "Just thinking about the game." He reached into his locker for soap and shampoo.

"Seriously?" Mad Dog chortled. "Then you must love me in the worst way, 'cause your dick is swinging harder than a bat!"

For an instant Todd had no idea what the other jock meant by his statement. In his confusion, part of him even wondered if Mad Dog was psychic and had been listening in on his private thoughts. But it



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was nothing so grand, Todd soon discovered. He followed the sharp gaze of Prior's blue eyes down toward his own crotch. His hard-on had slipped out of the towel and was staring straight up at them both with its single, wet eye.

"Aw, shit," Todd said. He tried to push his boner back into concealment and received an electric jolt that traveled through every inch of his body. He couldn't have been more than a few strokes shy of blasting his seed across the locker room floor. "I don't know how that could have happened, man."

"Sure you do," Mad Dog persisted. Dropping his jersey he gripped the bottom of his perspiration-soaked T-shirt and yanked it over his head, exposing two moist nests of black fur under his muscled arms and a thin trail of dark hair that split him down the middle.

"Huh?" Todd sputtered.

Mad Dog's dopey smile, so innocent and yet knowing, widened slightly before locking into that fierce game face Todd had seen staring back from the pitcher's mound half an hour ago.

"It's OK," he said. "That game horned me out, too."

Todd tipped his gaze at the star pitcher's crotch. Mad Dog had removed his cup from the moist gray cotton of his jockstrap, but doing so didn't lessen the fullness inside. The ball-soaked pouch was folded around Mad Dog's thick tube of meat, and through the worn threads Todd could tell he was stiff. This was confirmed when, a few breathless seconds later, Mad Dog hooked a finger under the elastic leg band and lifted it up.

Two heavy, hairy bull nuts dropped out to dangle fully over the open crotch of the star pitcher's uniform pants. With them came the ridged underside of the younger jock's shaft. The fleshy rod, so engorged with blood it verged on purple, showed enough hair, veins and flanged helmet to freeze Todd where he stood.

"You like it?" Mad Dog growled.

The offer had the same I-dare-ya quality he employed when he fired a hanging curve ball over the plate.

"You want it." This was less a question and more of a challenge. "I seen you staring at my dick, and dude, it's all yours, right here and now. You just gotta do it."

Todd reached over and gave Mad Dog's jockstrap a tug, a decisive action that sealed the deal. Everything after that passed in a blur. Mad Dog's boner, its shaft thicker than Todd's but matching his in length, rolled over his wrist and into the catcher's quivering fingers. Todd had never touched another man's dick, but he'd handled his own enough times to know where he liked to be touched, and suddenly he was touching Mad Dog's in all those same places. The other man grunted something under his breath, a groan signaling his permission to go further. Todd unhooked the towel and felt it slide from his waist and onto the floor. He knelt on the towel, mirroring the position he took behind home plate, on his knees, relaying pitch signals to the pitcher's mound. Now, however, the distance between him and Mad Dog was inches, not dozens of feet. Todd squeezed the pitcher's tool, extended his tongue and leaned forward. A mildly electric tingle shocked his entire body.

"I knew it! I knew you were hot for my dick, dude," Mad Dog growled from above. Todd couldn't deny it; he'd lost all sense of reason. Even the other guys in the locker room, their teammates, didn't matter. If they saw what was happening, well, he could deal with it. What he couldn't live without any longer was Mad Dog's tool.

He ogled the other man's sweaty come tanks, rolling them around in their soft, hairy casing while taking another lick of his cock's tip. A smile broke on Todd's face. This was everything he wanted and all that he needed. Closing his eyes, he opened wide to accept his teammate's cock. The spongy, firm feel of it on his tongue wasn't as alien as he'd expected. In fact, it was quite the opposite—whatever doubts he'd had about sucking on another man's root quickly evaporated. Todd marveled at its rubbery thickness in his mouth and the tang of Mad Dog's pre-come. He'd eaten his own load often enough to recognize its taste, but this was different, better. This was Mad Dog Prior's spunk painting his tonsils now. This was—

Without warning, the world erupted in a blinding supernova. Every inch of Todd's skin tingled with pins and needles. He sucked in a deep breath of the locker room's stale, male-stinking air and blinked. When the world stabilized, he found himself again standing in front of his locker, staring at Mad Dog as he undressed.

"Dude, you OK?" Mad Dog asked. He slipped out of his size-13 cleats. Todd glanced down to see the toes of the pitcher's clean white socks were damp with perspiration. He also noticed the white towel was still wrapped around his waist, and that his painful boner had finally, mercifully, begun to shrink. Something slimy and warm oozed down the inside of Todd's thighs, clung to the hairy skin of his nuts, too heavy to be merely sweat. With a mix of horror and relief, he realized he'd shot a wad without even touching himself. Everything that had transpired over the last few minutes had been a fantasy, happening only in his mind.

"Yeah," Todd said. He placed a hand on the locker to steady himself. "Just thinking about the win."

Mad Dog flashed a goofy grin. "You called a great game," he said, yanking his T-shirt over his head. "You're a hell of a teammate, dude. In fact, probably the best fuckin' catcher I've ever worked with." This earned Todd another playful slap on the butt.

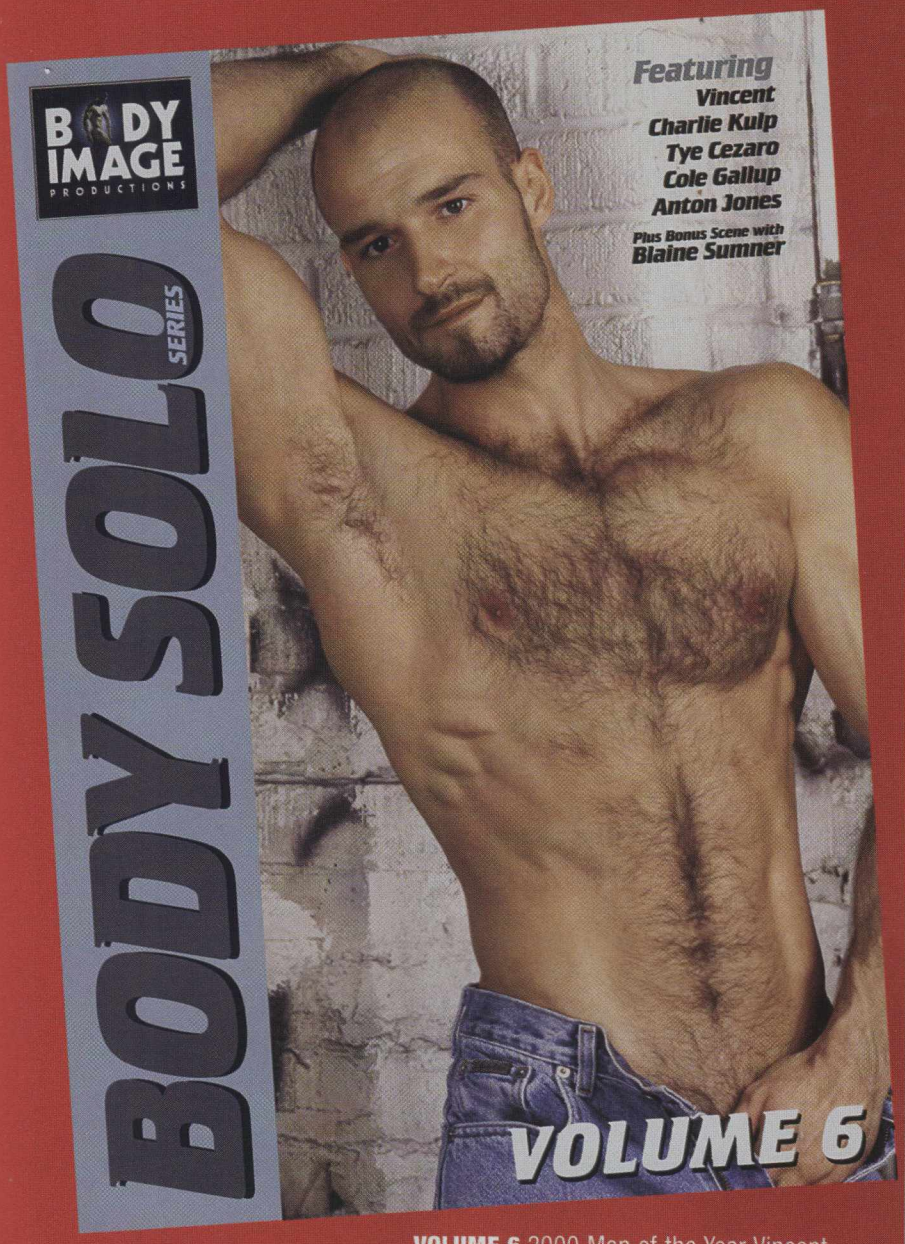
The string of come slinking down his leg had nearly reached his knees. Todd regained his composure and started toward the showers. If he was lucky, he'd be able to wash away the proof of his transgression before anyone in the clubhouse noticed, but he only got a step away when Mad Dog's voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Yo, dude, you got any plans for tonight?" Todd turned to see Mad Dog had unzipped his pants and was fumbling his cup free of his jockstrap. Unable to resist, Todd trained his gaze on the other man's package. To his amazement, he saw that Mad Dog's dick was looking fairly big. At the very least, he was showing half a boner, the kind it wouldn't take much doing to push up to full stiffness.

"Thought maybe you'd like to hang out at my place, knock back a couple of cold ones."

Todd smiled. "Yeah, I'd like that. Like it a lot."

Mad Dog gave his tool an absent squeeze. His goofy grin widened, giving Todd the sense that there was plenty of reason to hope his greatest fantasy would soon come true. ■



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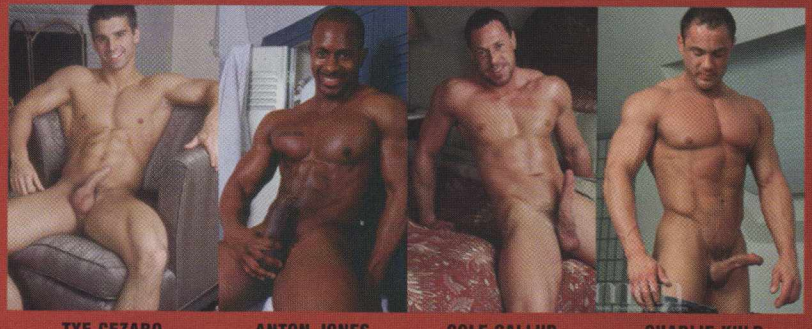

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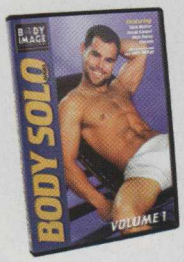

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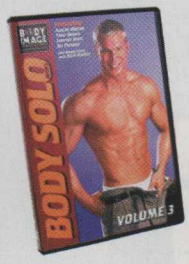

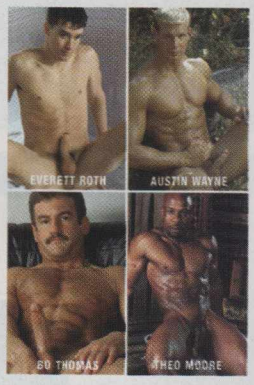

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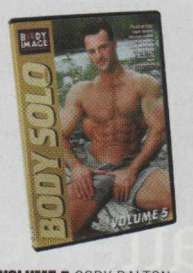

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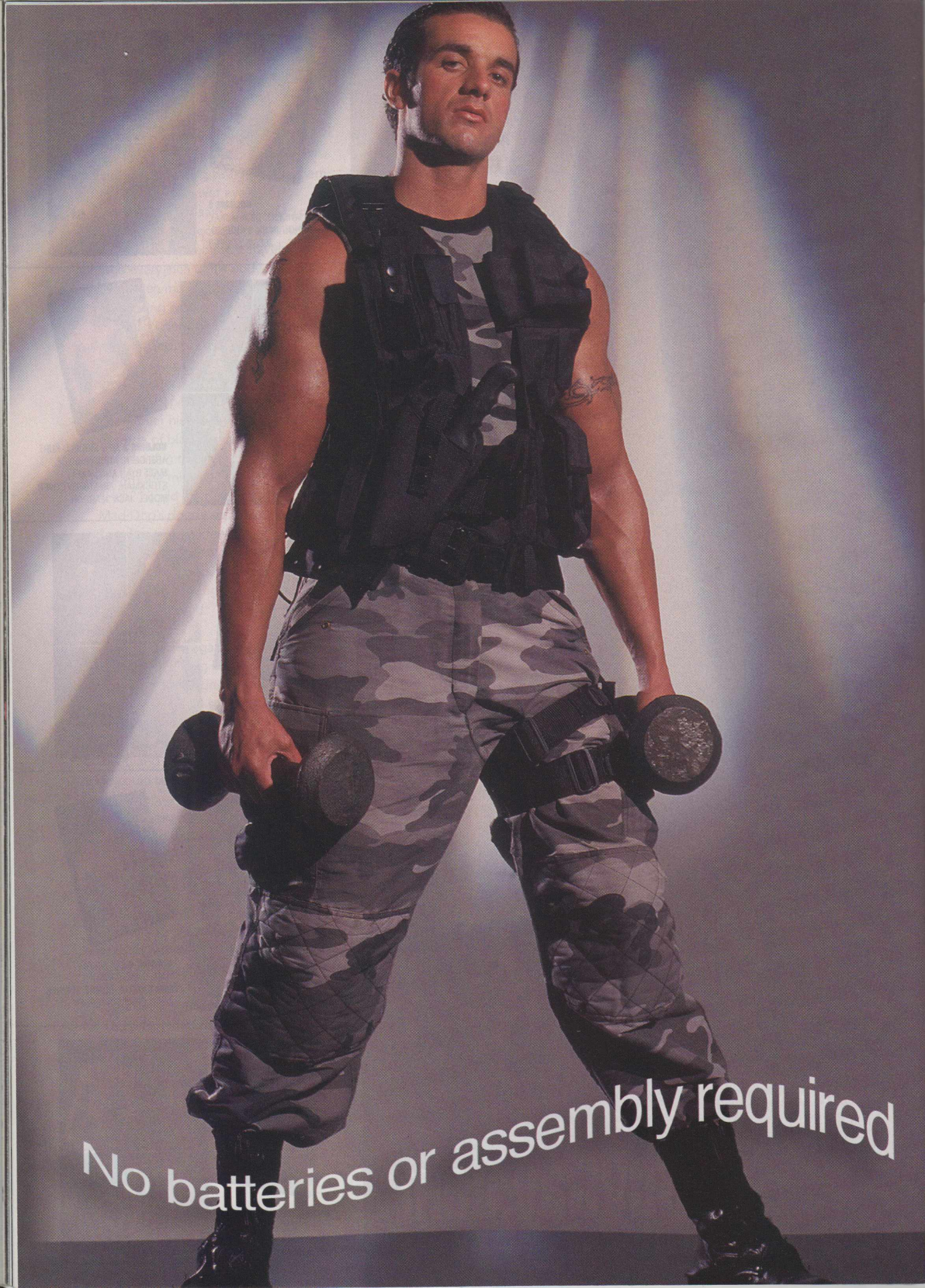
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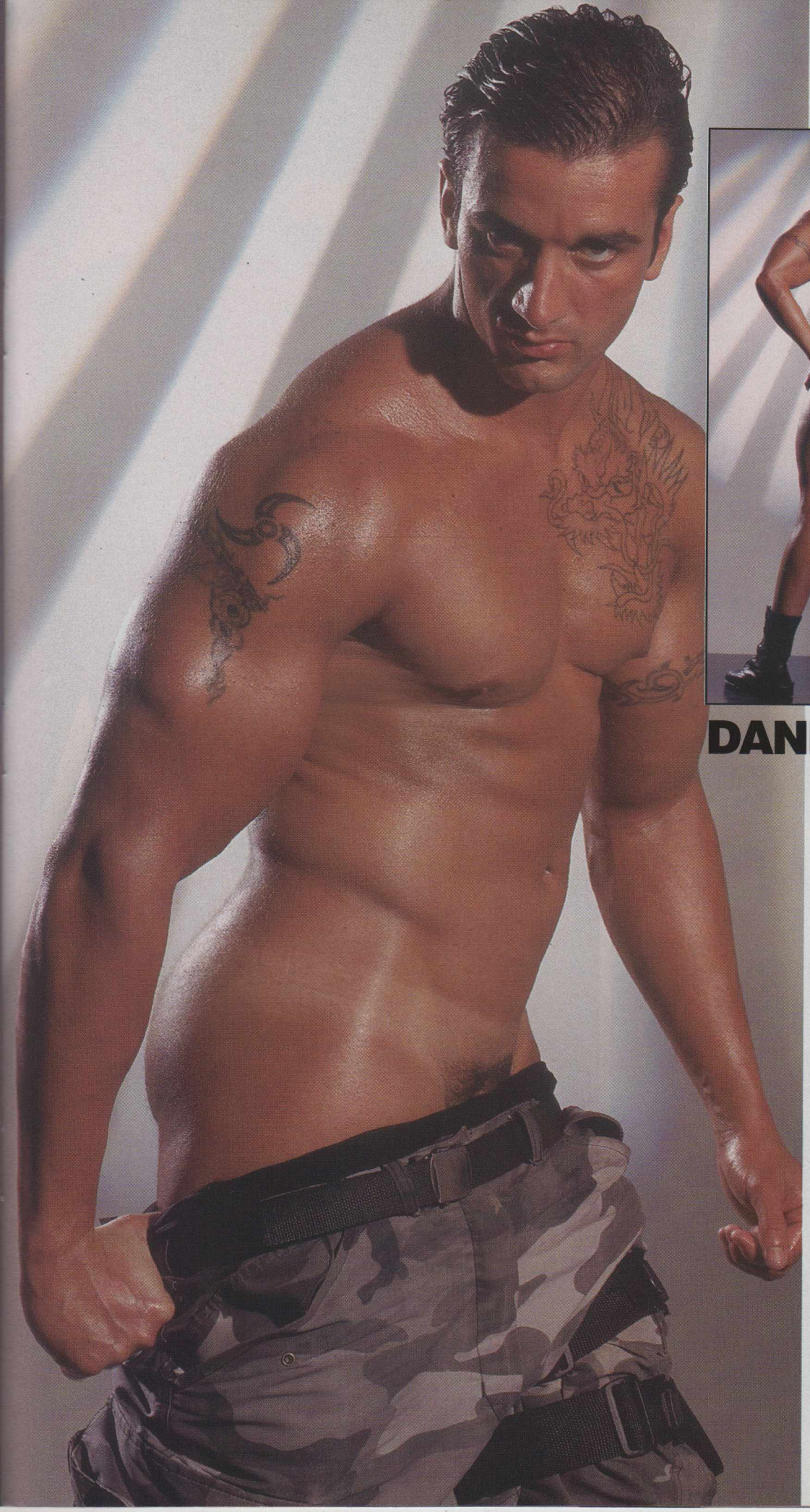

DANILO VIEIRA

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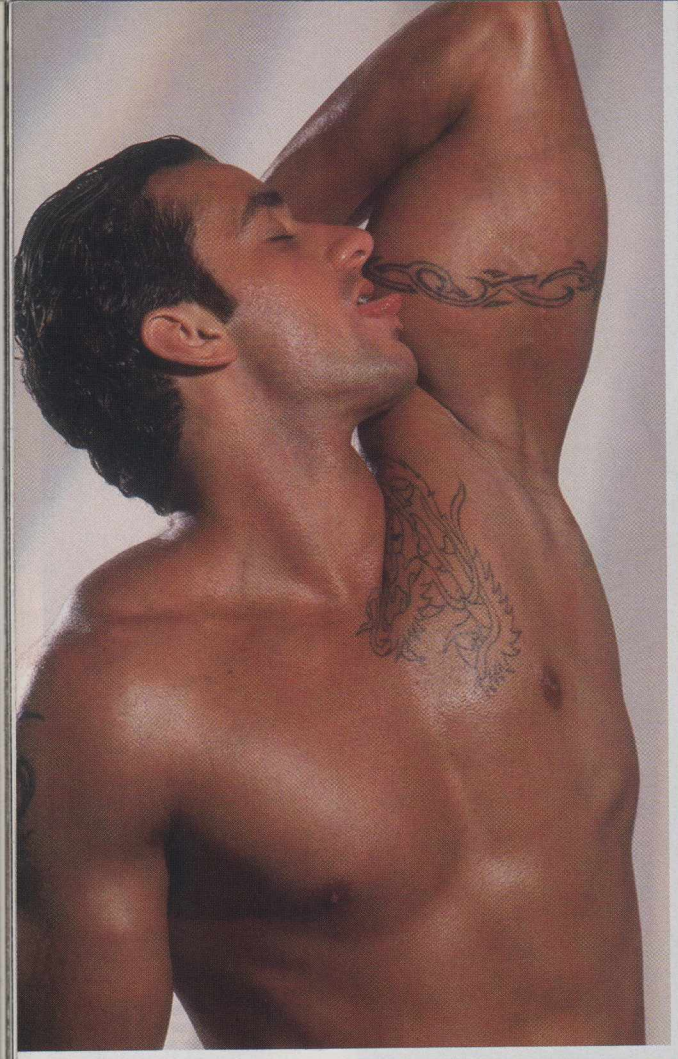
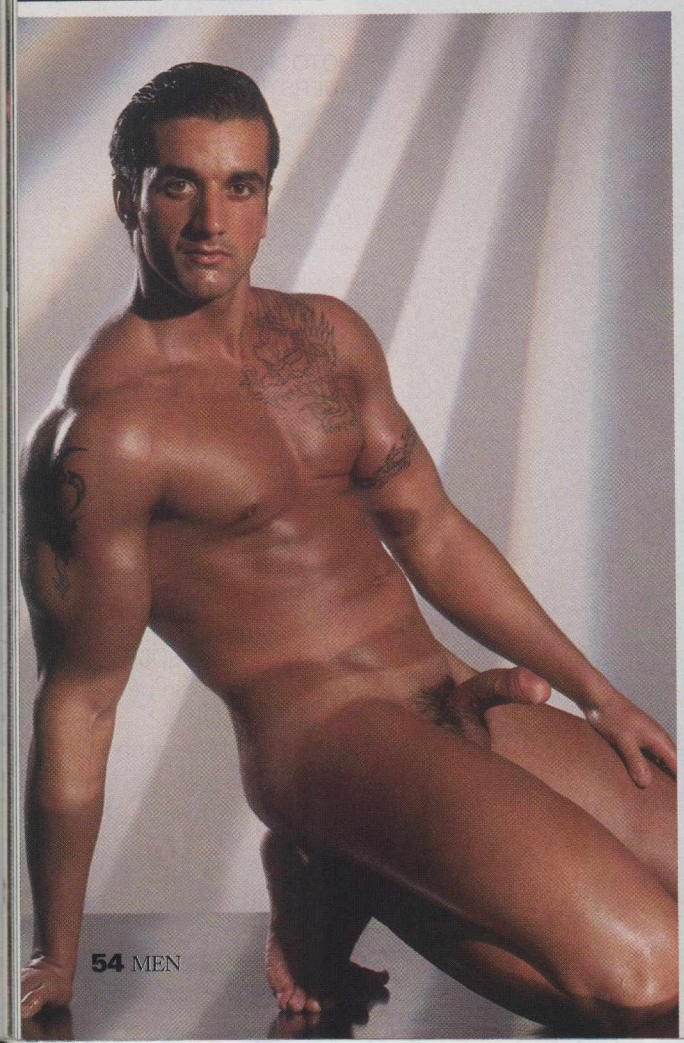
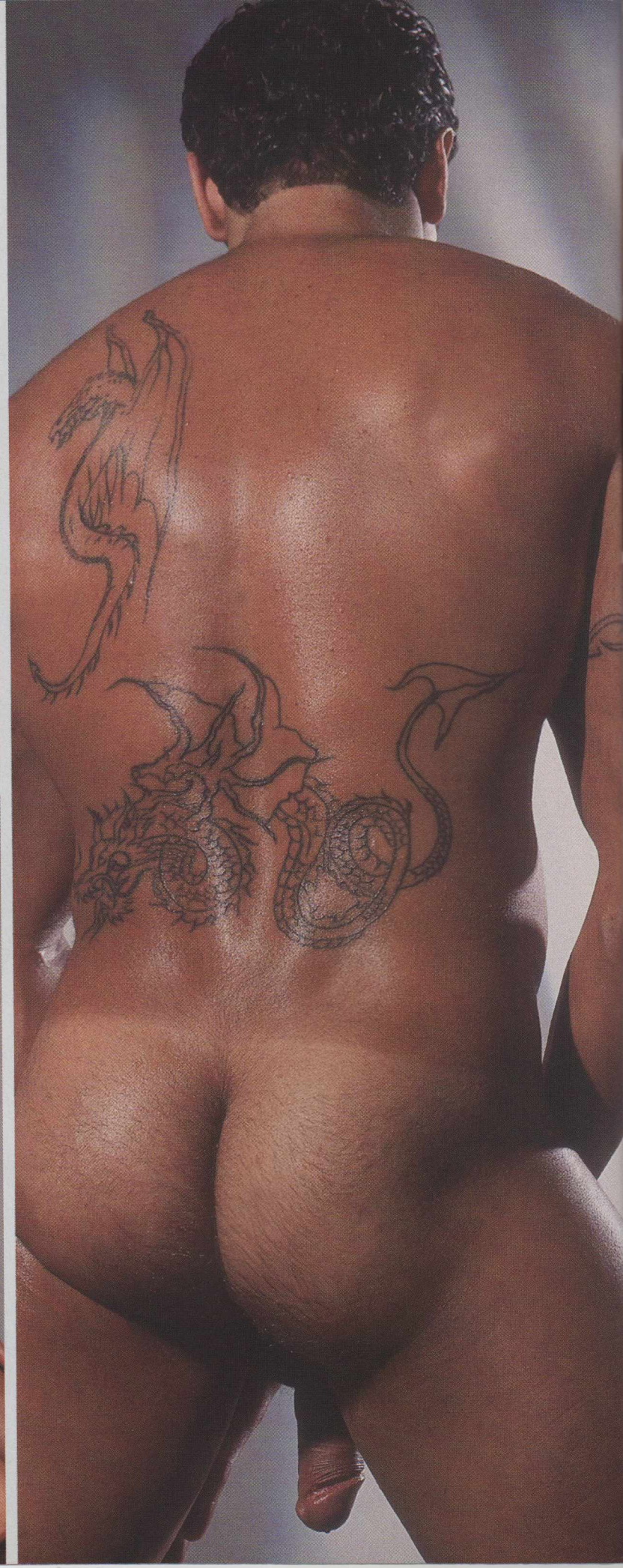
Você gostam do meu de trás? Eu sou duro apenas para você. Venha começar-me, menino grande. Eu quero-o. Eu sou seu para fazer exame.

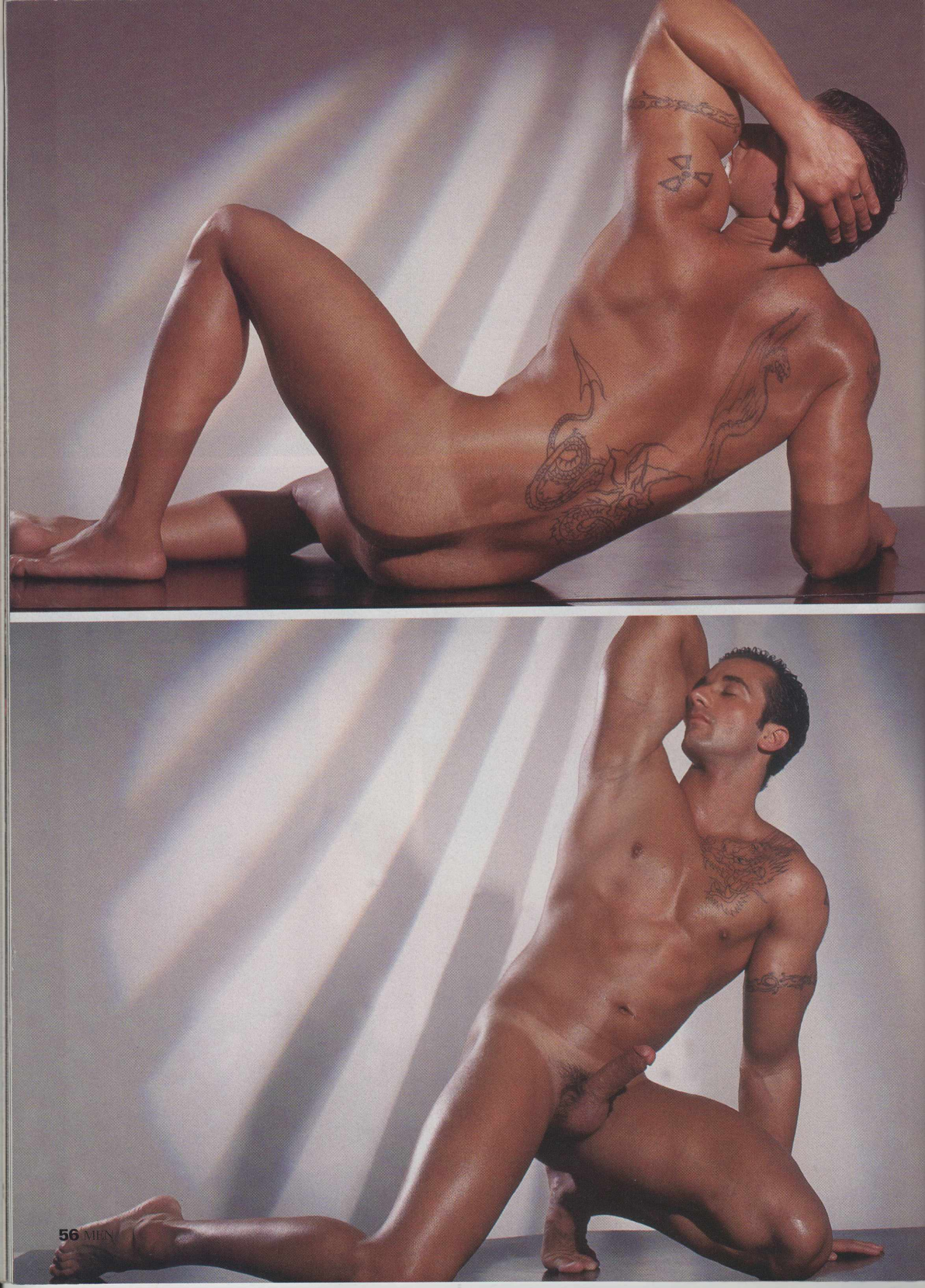
Do you like my behind? I am hard just for you. Come and get me, big boy. I want you. I am yours for the taking.

OK, so we don't know what he actually said, but when beefy Danilo drops those little camouflage pants, the only language we're fluent in is the international language of lust. Foreign tongues can be difficult to master, but Danilo makes for a worthwhile study.









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HOTAUGUSTNIGHT

words by Karl Taggart · illustration by HvH

It's one of those summers. A heat wave has descended on San Francisco, stifling the offshore breezes that usually keep the city cool at this time of year. There isn't a trace of the bay's infamous fog on this sweltering late-August night. Temperatures rise when they'd usually fall, making the tourists happy but the natives sweaty and restless…

I cruise half the Castro but come home alone, the uncharacteristic heat so oppressive that it mutes the frustration I'd normally feel after such a disappointing night of cruising. Lying naked atop the bedcover, I find myself fantasizing more about icebergs and cool, refreshing waterfalls than hot, sweaty sex. I can't sleep when the weather's like this.

It's after 2 A.M. when I awaken for probably the tenth time. Standing at the window, hoping to catch even the faintest breeze, I look across the narrow street to the building opposite mine and in the moonlight see a man looking back. A naked man. He's on the fire escape, leaning back against the wall with his legs apart, stroking his dick. When he sees me he stops, then wags his meat at me. I climb out the window onto my own fire escape, glancing down at the empty street before getting a grip on my prick. Unlike my counterpart, I move forward to the railing and aim my missile between the bars. *Come and get it,* I think.

He stirs from his spot, moves to his own railing. A car pulls into the street below and we both freeze, glance down. We're three floors up and unlikely to be seen, but still we relent for the moment–not backing off, just pausing the forward motion. Down below a noisy couple exits the car and goes inside. Once again the quiet street is ours.

Sweat is pooling in the small of my back and in my crotch. I think about his body, equally wet and slippery. I reach over the rail, take my dick in hand and start thrusting. He gets the idea and turns around, pushes his hands into his butt cheeks, kneads the flesh and parts the cheeks to reveal his dark crack. I can't see his hole, of course, but he lets me know exactly where it is by sticking a finger in. I pull my meat as he works his chute, shoving a second finger inside.

I'm pumping my dick now, ready to let go. I want him to know what he's doing to me, so I let out a hoot, and he looks back just as my jizz starts squirting into the night air. A sizeable stream arcs off the fire escape and rains down onto the sidewalk. I never take my eyes off my neighbor; he never takes his fingers out of his ass.

When I'm done, he turns, points his cock at me and unloads. As I watch come shoot out of his cock head, I know it's for me. I can tell he'd be a powerful fuck by the way he thrusts his hips. My spent dick stirs, my desire still unquenched.

When he's done he motions for me to join him, pointing down to the street. I pull on a pair of shorts and go downstairs. By the time I cross the street I'm hard again. He's there to meet me, clad in just a Speedo, his dick barely contained.

"C'mon up" is all he says, and I follow him into his building. It's much like mine: thirties-style, tall and narrow, with an elevator equally skinny. He hits the button for three, then places a hand over my crotch. "That was some show," he says as he gropes me. I'm riding his palm when the elevator stops.

We hurry to his apartment, where we quickly peel off our damp shorts. It's just as hot in his place as it was in mine. San Francisco's climate

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dom necessitates air conditioning, so both of us are ill-equipped for the heat wave. "The fire escape," he says, nodding to the window. "I've got an air mattress out there."

The fire escape is our own little high-rise world. We create a cozy sex nest outside, piling sheets and pillows on the mattress. Below, the street is quiet and, glancing around, we find most windows dark. People are at least staying put, if not sleeping. My newfound partner and I lie on the mattress, exploring one another. I fondle his big prick while he diddles my hole. I'm on my side, right leg up, and he's got a hand between my legs. Pulling on his gorgeous piece of meat, it's all I can do not to climb on to it, but I want this to last. There's still a lot of night left, and I want to use every second.

He's brought a box of condoms and a jar of lube out onto the fire escape, along with two bottles of water and a towel. From the look of things, we're set for the night. I look up into the clear, star-filled sky and wonder how I could have missed this guy. I'm just about to ask when he says, "I've got to fuck you." He sits up, pulls on a rubber and rolls me onto my side so I'm facing my building. Carefully positioning my top leg forward, he maneuvers himself behind me and guides his cock in. I let out a gasp as it goes in and keeps on going.

Sweat is pooling in the small of my back and in my crotch. I think about his body, equally wet and slippery. I reach over the rail, take my dick in hand and start thrusting.

"You OK?" he says when it's anchored deep in my bowels.

"Hell, yes," I grunt back.

He laughs, then starts with an easy thrust, pulling that big pole all the way out, then shoving it in to the root. I let out a moan each time , because he's driving his entire dick, every last fat fucking inch, deep inside me. My hands grip the bars of the fire escape, because this is more cock than I've ever had–so much that it feels like it could push me off the edge. "What a sweet ass," he murmurs as he grinds into me. "I'm gonna keep my dick up you all night."

"We might as well, since it's too hot to sleep," I murmur. We're sliding into that fluidity you get when the lube has liquified and the two of you fall into a rhythm that feels like a perpetual fuck. Your rectum is at capacity, his big cock pushing in and out, but it's like it's part of you now, like that big piece of meat inside you lives there. I close my eyes and lose myself in the rhythm. I'm not looking to come, not for a while. I just want to be used. It occurs to me that we haven't traded names, and I consider leaving it that way. He'll remain the big-dicked neighbor, and I'll look out my window a bit more often. I ponder this a moment more, then change my mind and ask.

"Phil," he says, ramming his cock into me for emphasis.

"I'm Ian," I say between moans.

"You don't feel like an Ian," he tells me as he stops thrusting, rolls me onto my stomach and pulls my ass up–all without dismounting. "You feel nastier than that," he says, settling into the new position and picking up the pace.

He doesn't wait for me to answer. "Actually, I don't care who the hell you are beyond the best fuck hole I've ever had my prick in," he snarls. He's riding hard now, his motions urgent.

"Oh, man, I'm gonna give it to you," he growls. He's slamming his big salami up my gut, fingers digging into my hips. He grunts out his climax, and when he's done he pulls out, peels off the rubber and tosses it over the railing. With barely a pause he rolls onto his back and tells me to suck his cock. When I hesitate, surprised at the request after such a massive come shot, he grins. "I told you I was gonna keep it up you all night. I just didn't say where."

His dick is soft but still formidable, with a hint of come residue in his piss slit. I lick it and suck on his his knob before taking his massive meat stick into my mouth. He moans as I tongue him, then says, "Get around here. I need something to eat." Keeping him in my mouth, I straddle his face and feel him go after my cock like a fish after a lure. I'm hard, of course–the fuck has gotten me up–so he sucks my rigid pole while I envelop his softie in my mouth, running my tongue up and down the swollen meat.

A siren starts to wail in the distance, and I wonder if somebody has seen us and called the cops. I think about asking him if maybe we should move inside rather than get hauled off to jail, but I can't speak because he has my balls churning and my climax is beckoning. I start to fuck his mouth. He stops working me and becomes the fuck hole, and I suddenly don't care who shows up and carts us away. Whatever happens, I'm gonna shoot my jizz down his throat. And then I'm there, fucking his face while feeling him get hard again in my mouth. He thrusts up into me, hips bouncing, and I tug on his cock as mine begins pulsing long squirts into him.

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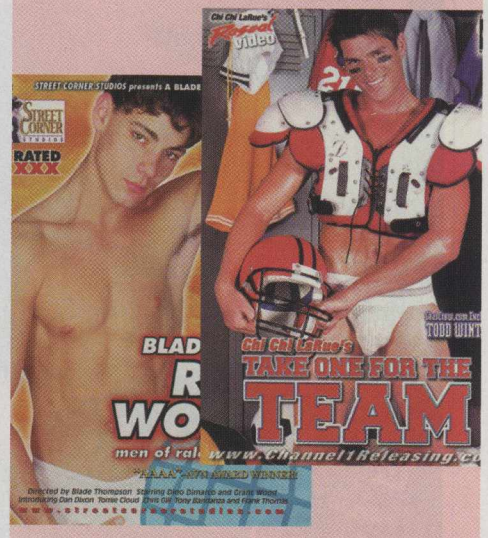

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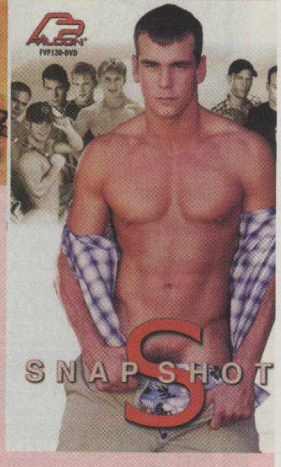

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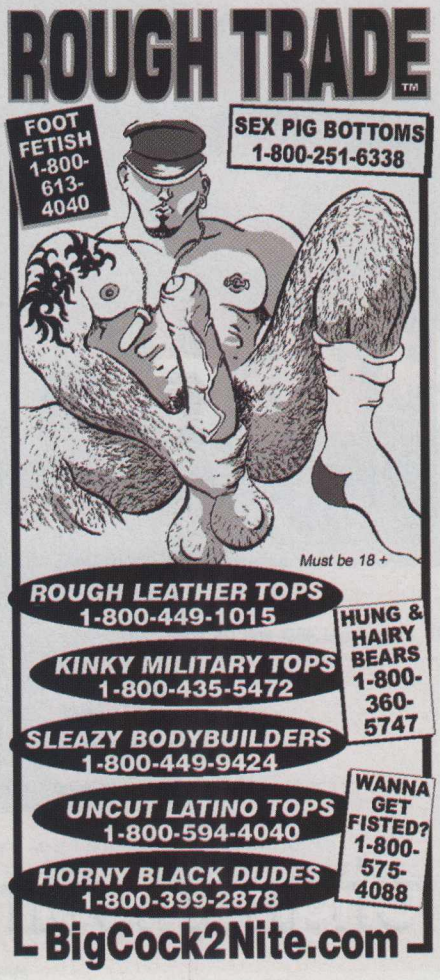

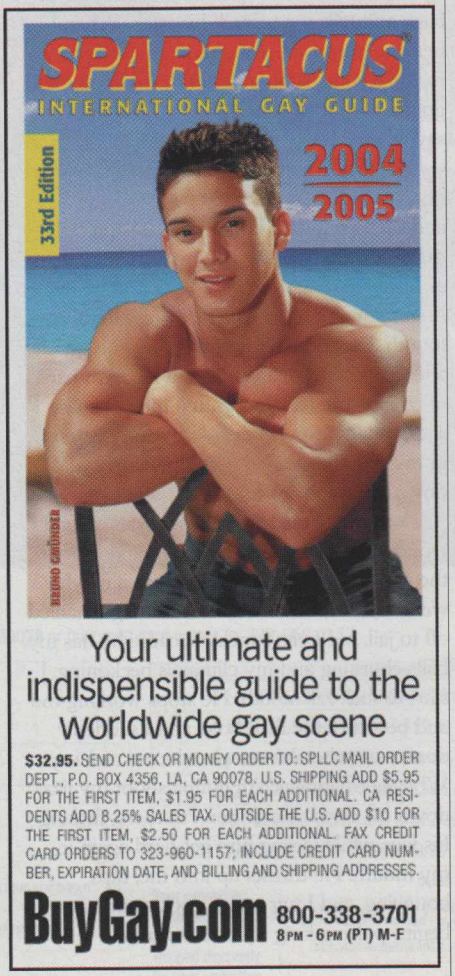
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When I'm finally empty he keeps me in his mouth, still sucking. I swear I can feel his load rising, his dick hot now. He's squirming, bouncing, thrusting, and then he pulls his mouth off me and lets out a mighty moan as his cream shoots down my throat. I suck and swallow until he finally relents. I crawl off him and lie down, my breath nearly gone.

"Oh, man," is all I can say.

I can hear his heavy breathing, raspy now, like there's not enough air for either of us. We are dripping in sweat; I swear the outdoor temp has gone 10 degrees higher, and still not a hint of breeze.

"What a sweet ass," he murmurs as he grinds into me. "I'm gonna keep my dick up you all night."

"Can we get a shower?" I ask when I can finally speak.

"Go ahead," Phil says.

"Don't you want to cool down?" I ask.

"No reason to," he answers, smiling. "I'm gonna fuck you as soon as you get back out here."

I'm thinking no way, he's gotta need some recovery time, but then again, I don't really know the guy. Maybe he's one of those rare inexhaustible studs toting come by the pint. I head for the shower, hoping that's the case.

Cold water is too much of a shock, so I settle for lukewarm and gradually ease toward cool. My body feels absolutely ravaged, my cock flushed, my bung hole tingling. I love it. I gently soap myself, taking care with my dick, knowing it's going to be back inside his mouth. When I get to my ass, I run the bar of soap up my crack, get a good lather going, then poke a finger up my hole. The action has left me steamy in there, the tissue wet and pleasantly swollen. I think about Phil's big dick reaming me and add a second finger. I play with myself a bit but then make myself stop because I'm getting aroused. I rinse but don't towel off. I return to the fire escape knowing the heat will dry me off in seconds.

Phil is on his stomach, slowly humping the mattress. In the dim light I watch his ass, considering this an invitation. I sit beside him and listen to him breathe.

"Feel better?" he asks.

"Sure do." I run a hand over his butt, feel him tense. "Nice," I say.

"Think so?"

"Oh, yeah." I rub his butt cheeks then slide a finger down his crack. He gives a little grunt which I take as an affirmative. I prod his pucker. It clenches in response and I wet it, pushing all the way in. Now he moans, and I

realize there's more to this guy than I thought. I start to finger-fuck him, adding a second digit as he moans and humps the mattress. I can just see that big cock of his oozing in readiness, knowing he wants to come with something up his ass.

"Let me fuck you," I say, and all he does is moan, so I reach for a rubber, get it on, add some lube and push a gob into him. The moan is longer now and I can see he's ready to blow. He needs cock now, so I crawl behind him. He pulls his knees up under him and presents himself to me. I pull apart his ass cheeks and slide my eager cock into his chute. He cries out, hand on his prick, pumping toward climax. I start fucking the shit out of him because it's a total turn on, this big honking top wanting it up the ass.

I'm pounding and he's shooting and I'm thinking of all the jizz we've spent, all that's still gonna be spent. He's bucking back into me like he can't get my dick far enough up him. He's pulling his own meat, and I wonder if he's still shooting or if he's just gone with the feel of getting fucked.

The siren begins to wail again and only then do I realize it isn't for us. Somebody else is being carted away. I look around as I ride Phil's ass. Windows are all dark. I wonder how many people are in there fucking because it's too hot to sleep. I think about cocks plowing everything imaginable: pussies, mouths, bung holes. I see covers thrown back, cocks pumping. Hot fucking night.

Phil is quieting, spent now, but his ass is alive, pushing up into me, grinding on my dick. "Give it to me," he starts growling over and over, and this does it. I feel the rise, the tingle starting at the bottom of my spine. Everything in me tenses, balls drawing up in their sac. Suddenly I'm there, and my cock is firing and I'm telling Phil what's happening.

"You're getting it," I groan. "You're getting your fuck."

I pound and pound until I'm beyond empty. I finally stop riding him and we collapse together, my cock still up his ass. He squeezes me, and I reach around and finger his tits, wondering how much more night we have.

We fall into a half sleep, curled against each other. I'm behind him, spent cock resting against his ass, not wanting him to ever get away. After I don't know how long, I notice the darkness is lifting. I can see Phil's skin is a wonderful olive, his hair black rather than brown. I reach around, take hold of his soft dick, and begin to play with it. He murmurs drowsily and pushes back against me, ass rubbing my cock.

"It's getting light," I tell him.

"Better hurry, then," he replies, reaching for the lube. ■

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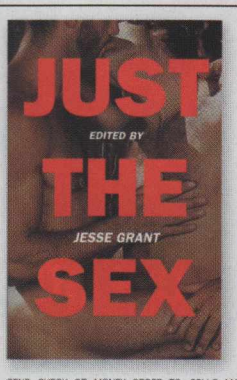

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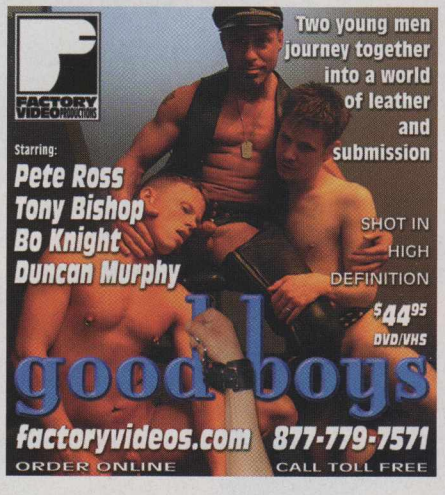

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SEBASTIAN TAUZA

AGE: **25**
SIGN: **GEMINI**
HEIGHT: **5 FOOT 10**
COCK: **7 INCHES, UNCUT**
POSITION: **BOTTOM**
FILM: **CHI CHI LARUE'S *BOLT* (2004)**

Why we love him:
Because the only thing better than a dude with a fuzzy bum is a dude who loves to have his fuzzy bum pounded.

TROY PUNK

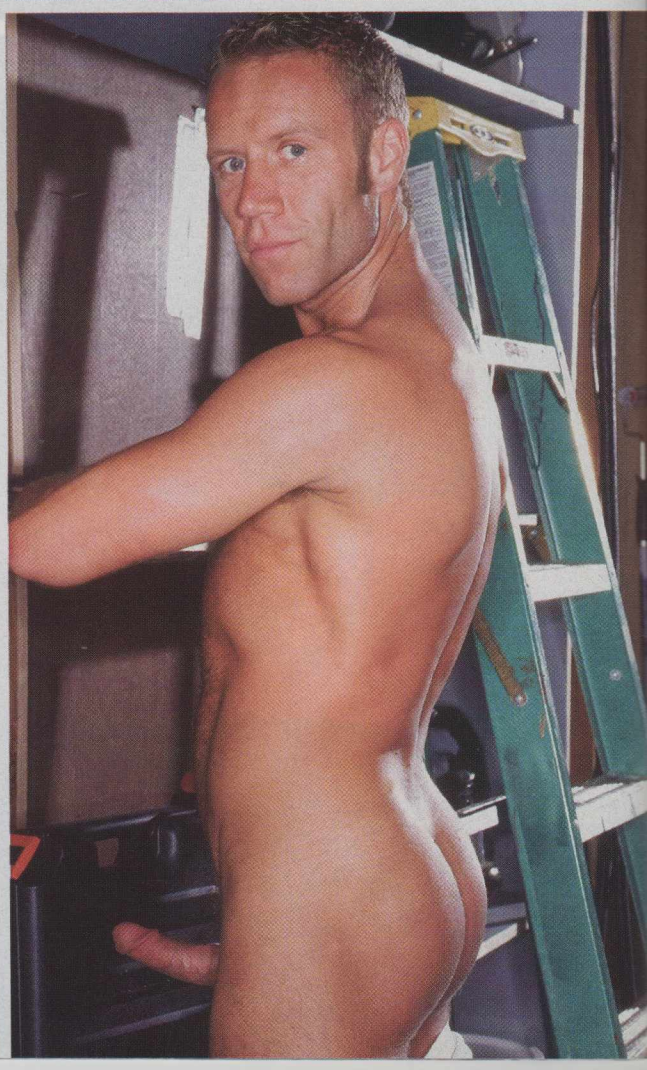
AGE: **31**
SIGN: **AQUARIUS**
HEIGHT: **5 FOOT 10**
COCK: **7 INCHES, UNCUT**
POSITION: **VERSATILE**
FILM: ***SCREW 2*** **(2004), CHI CHI LA RUE'S *BOLT* (2004) AND FALCON'S *TAKING FLIGHT* (2004)**

Why we love him: Troy may be a newcomer to the porn scene, but he fucks and sucks like a pro. As soon as we saw his beautiful butt on the box cover we knew this flick was a must-have.

THEO BLAKE

AGE: **37**
SIGN: **GEMINI**
HEIGHT: **6 FOOT 1**
COCK: **8 INCHES, UNCUT**
POSITION: **VERSATILE (OH, THOSE GEMINI BOYS!)**
FILMS: ***NIGHT SHIFT*** **(2004),** ***LITTLE BIG LEAGUE*** **(2004)**

Why we love him: Theo is one of the few guys out there whose look is as versatile as he is in bed. Plus, he's got that amazing "boy, thank yo' mama for what she gave ya" ass.



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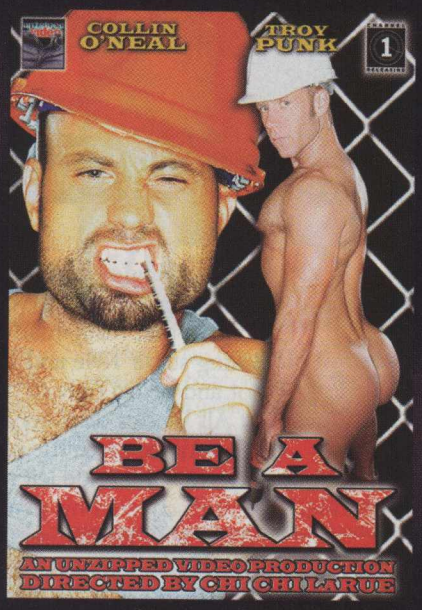

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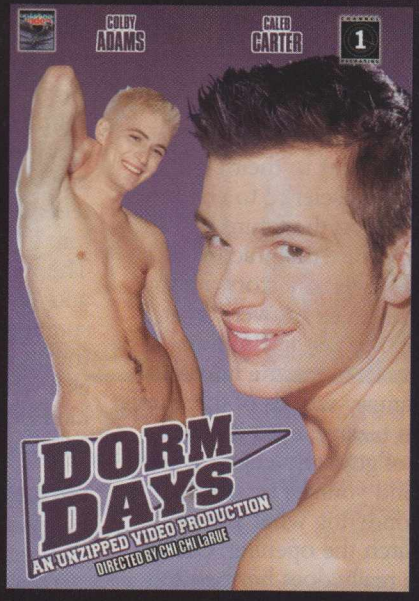

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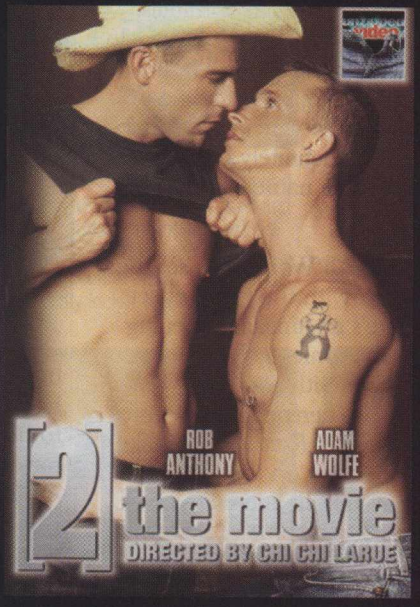

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Video Reviews

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RAW

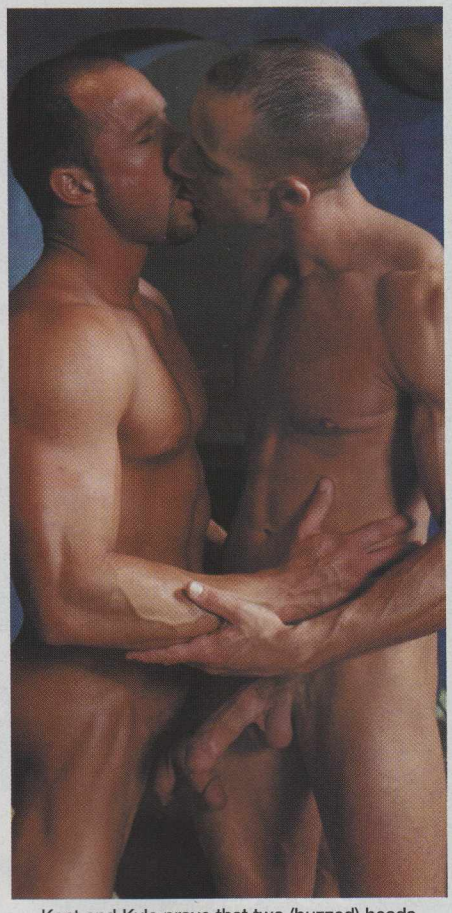
Studio: All Worlds
Director: Doug Jeffries
Cast: Tag Adams, Sergio Anthony, Ruben D'Angelo, Rick Gonzales, Kent Larson, Antonio Montez, Vin Nolan, Drew Peters, Jack Ryan, Jonathan West, Kyle Lewis, Faye Dubois (nonsexual role)

PLOT: *Raw*, the latest "Doug Jeffries Transmission," is set far in the future in a criminal holding facility. Scientist Faye Dubois (channeling a monotone Ricki Lake) and her assistant, Drew Peters, are monitoring the brain activities of sexual deviants in the hopes that a look into their subconscious fantasies will unlock the secret to their condition, thus allowing science to eradicate sexual perversion in the future. Normally I advocate the practice of fast-forwarding over any story arc that is needlessly complex or overdrawn, but if you skip the first five minutes of *Raw*, the jump between the futuristic lab and the fantasy worlds of the criminals will seem bizarre; even if you're not the kind of guy who enjoys a good setup you'll find yourself scratching your head wondering what you've missed, so watch the opening, OK? Besides, Faye really does her best to turn in a decent performance despite the klunky, unnatural dialogue she has to deliver. Anyway, this fuzzy plot device is used to introduce the sex, which is what we all really want to see, and it works as well as any other. The first scene features Jack Ryan (looking like he borrowed his dad's suit for this scene) picking up prostitute Sergio Anthony in a bathroom. Jack puts Sergio through his paces, but the vibe feels forced at times and is weighed down (again) by the dialogue. In the next scene, we see Kyle Lewis top Kent Larson. It's somebody's wedding day, and the other guy is the bride's brother or something. It's hard to tell what the setup was supposed to be because Faye's lines are all pronouns, ("It's *his* wedding day." Um…OK). But none of that really matters once the ass licking starts. Kyle and Kent go at it hot and heavy only to be interrupted by All Worlds discovery Jonathan West. We're given the impression that Faye was the bride left at the altar after Kent discovered his penchant for dick, which is an interesting plot twist left unresolved. Up next, Faye sentences Tag Adams to a life of being tag-teamed (and peed on) by Antonio Montez and Rick Gonzales, although something tells me that after a while Tag will get used to imprisonment. Throughout the video, Drew has been expressing sympathy for the criminals and speaking out against their sentences, so in the final scene, Faye tosses him in with the hardened criminals. The movie ends with Ruben D'Angelo and Vin Nolan fisting Drew. I'm not sure if the title refers to this scene or the aforementioned water sports, but as a whole, *Raw* definitely delivers the kind of nasty fun a name like that implies.

PRODUCTION: All Worlds has set the bar pretty high with the visual effects in *Raw*. There's an amazing opening sequence that seamlessly blends the live action shots with computer-generated effects. The perspectives, textures and overall look of *Raw* are all unlike any other video out on the market. Everything is shot, lit and edited well, so it's a shame that some of performances don't achieve the same high quality. Everyone involved behind the scenes deserves praise and recognition, but most of all, All Worlds should be congratulated on putting together such an ambitious and professional product.

PERFORMERS: While Sergio Anthony makes a believable prostitute, it's a little too much of a stretch to believe that Jack Ryan a) has the kind of money that he can just throw it around on boys he meets in the bathroom, b) ever has to pay for it and c) is old enough to hold down a job at which he'd have to wear a suit and tie. I don't mean to keep harping on this, but that suit looked so unnatural, like he was playing dress-up. The scene between Kyle Lewis and Kent Larson is super hot (due in large part to the fact that Kent obviously loves sex), but I wouldn't really call it a three-some when Jonathan enters, because he sticks to oral action, getting serviced while Kent gets plowed in a number of tantalizing positions. Jonathan's limited action is kind of a shame because he's so freakin' hot. I'm assuming that since this was his

ALL WORLDS



Kent and Kyle prove that two (buzzed) heads are better than one.

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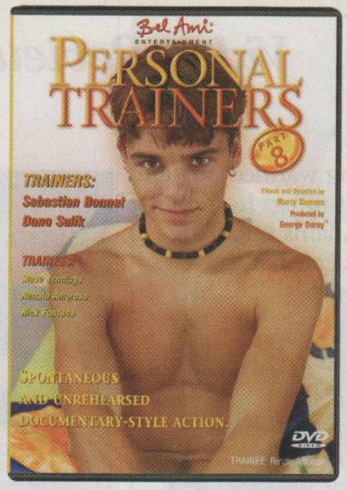

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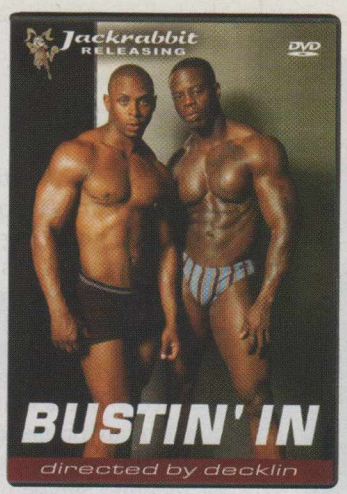

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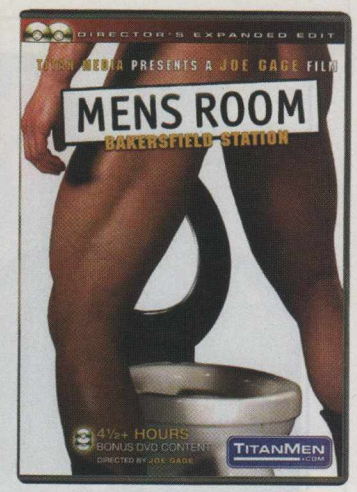

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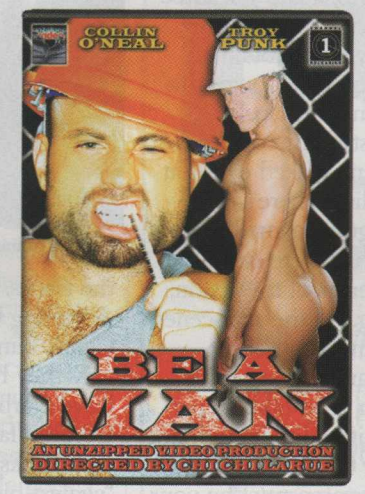

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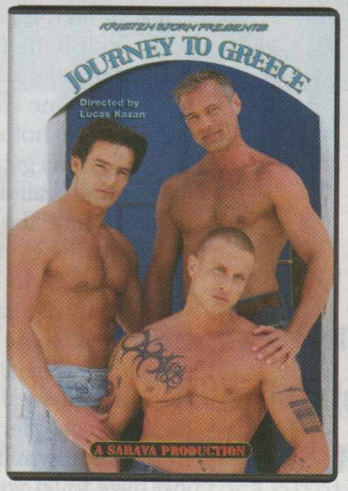

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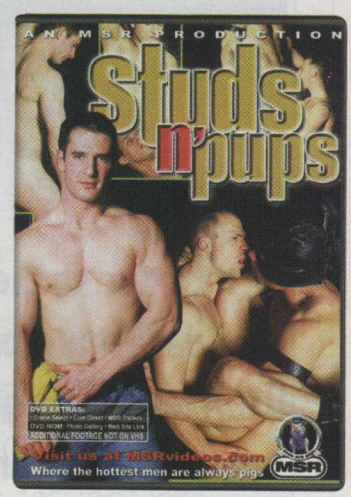

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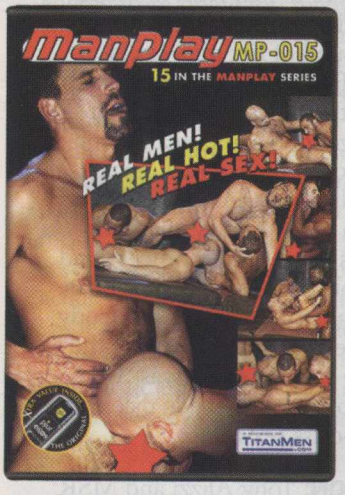

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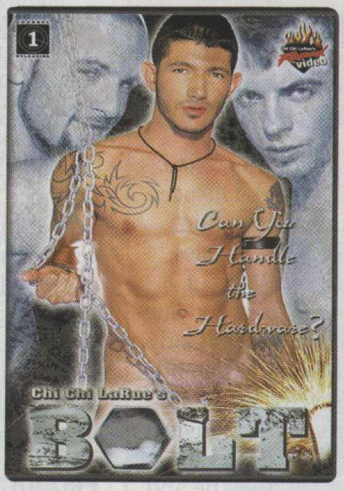

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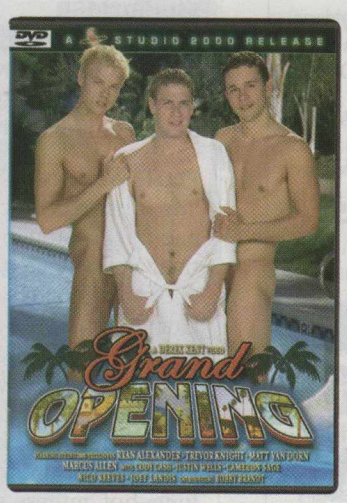

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first flick, he's getting warmed up–and I expect to see great things from him in the future. Tag Adams is looking mighty hot in his scene, but the choice of Antonio and Rick as his tormentors was an odd call.

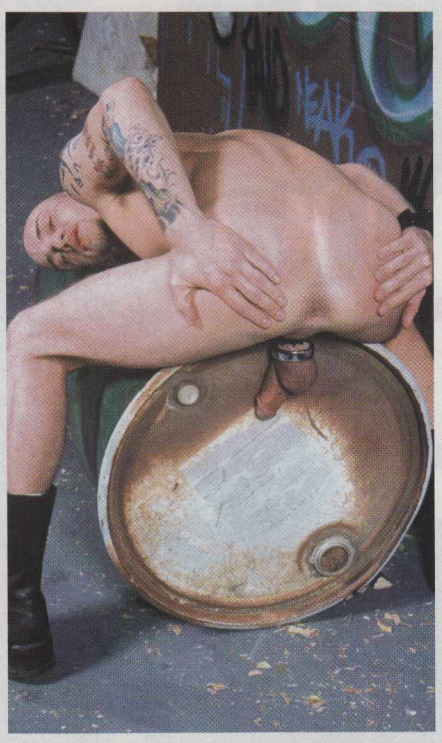
PERFORMANCE: For me, what makes a scene hot is that special something each guy brings to the scene, and Antonio and Rick just kind of blended together, which made the three-way seem a little less exciting. That said, Tag is a first-rate performer, so it doesn't matter who he's paired with. The final scene, while pulling the rambling plot together felt a little anticlimactic. I mean, it was so obvious Drew wanted to get in on the deviant action. The scene with Kent, Kyle and Jonathan had more natural spark, although this final threesome sometimes feels labored. The hottest moment comes when Drew is getting fucked on what looks to be scaffolding–there's a minute where the guys seemed to let go, forget the cameras were on and just plain fuck. In terms of the action, *Raw* is a mixed bag. All the sex scenes are hot, but some moments shine more than others, and when you've seen the potential a porn (and its performers) can offer, it's a little tough not to feel let down. In this instance, you'll just have to let your orgasm(s) be your consolation prize. *–Benjamin Bender*
Men magazine's video rating: ★★★
(out of a possible four)

ROUGH TRADE

Studio: MSR
Director: Tony Alizzi
Cast: Nick Capra, Nick Piston, Corbin Michaels, Daxx Reed, Kent Larson, Cody Cash, Rod Barry, Chuck DiRocco

PLOT: We start on a night much like any other night, with Chuck DiRocco and Nick Piston cruising around in their SUV looking for "horny holes," and who should saunter along but Cody Cash. After a brief (and convincing) chase, the guys overwhelm Cody, tie him to the back of their SUV and take him to a nearby warehouse, where they force him (again, convincingly) to bottom for them. After a long, hot, intense session, they tie and gag Cody, drive him to a nearby railroad yard and leave him there tied to

ALL WORLDS



"Check out this barrel of lube I got at Sam's Club!"

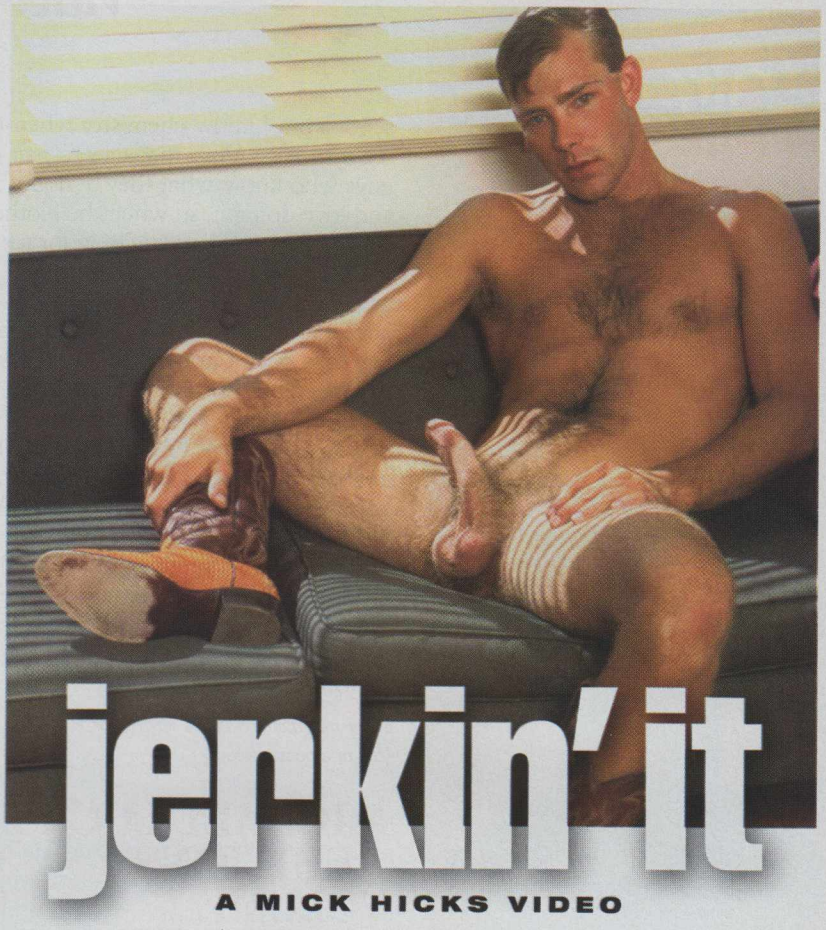
the tracks. Next, we cut to the guys delivering Corbin Michaels to Nick Capra, handling Corbin in the same way they handled Cody. The guys leave Corbin with Nick, who sits on Corbin's face, forces him to suck his dick, sucks his dick and fucks him–all "against his will" (this is somewhat less convincing, but still incredibly hot). Flash-forward to the guys delivering Daxx Reed to a grateful Kent Larson (and here I thought I was cool getting my Atkins meals delivered). Nick Piston decides to join Kent in the festivities, while Chuck DiRocco watches. Another round of hot man sex is served up, first with a Daxx manwich, then, after the others take off, Kent and Daxx get into some steamy one-on-one. Back at the tracks, Chuck DiRocco Nick Piston untie Cody, deliver him to Rod Barry and Nick Capra, thus serving up another round of crazy-hot sex in this pig-a-palooza. After this last tryst they deposit Cody in the nearest dumpster. Perhaps they thought he said his name was "Cody *Trash*," who knows. It made nice end to a world-class sex-romp.

PRODUCTION: Tony Alizzi and MSR have another hit on their hands (think *Don't Ask, Don't Tell* or *White Trash*),

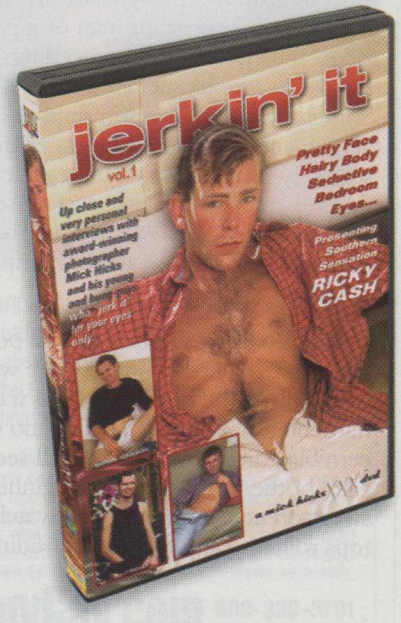
and what continues to amaze me is how hot, fresh and innovative each new release turns out to be. There's a dearth of good porn for those of us who like their sex rough and tumble, so thank goodness for Alizzi and the gang over at MSR. The scenes alternate between regular digital pictures and a "night cam" look that adds to the authenticity and "wish you were here" aspect. The sets all look amazing (I don't want to even know how they got that railroad shot), but don't distract and every minute of the production (including the night cam shots) are well-lit, in focus and are noticeably free of boom mics, cameramen shadows or random director's chatter. Tony Alizzi and editor Rock Hard make good use of camera filters and stutter-editing, and multi-layered sound tracks completely immerse you in the filthy underground world of hot street sex. These effects also serve to pull the film together in a coherent, almost artful way. Most videos of this nature get too tied down with plot points to be coherent, let alone sexy, but Alizzi frames the sex with loose, picaresque narrative. MSR has (once again) earned a seat at the table with the big studios, and toe-to-toe proves that big budgets aside, a little style goes a long way.

PERFORMERS: What is it about Tony Alizzi that brings out the superstud in every guy he works with? Maybe the guys he films are releasing pent-up energy from doing too many vanilla videos, or maybe he only pairs up guys that he knows are into each other. Whatever his secret is, he's put it to work again with *Rough Trade*. I don't have a firm enough grasp on the English language to adequately explain how hot the guys in this movie are. I've watched the movie several times and still can't even begin accurately describe what makes these scenes sizzle the way they do–something about this film unleashed deep, animalistic urges in me that seem to get in the way of my skills as a reviewer. But don't take my word for it, see the flick for yourself!

PERFORMANCE: I may have bombed most of my science courses in high



In *Jerkin' It*, Mick Hicks, the award-winning photographer whose work has appeared in *Men*, *Freshmen*, *Unzipped* and [2] magazines, has turned some of his hottest photo sessions into an adult video! *Jerkin' It* was shot on location in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Australia.



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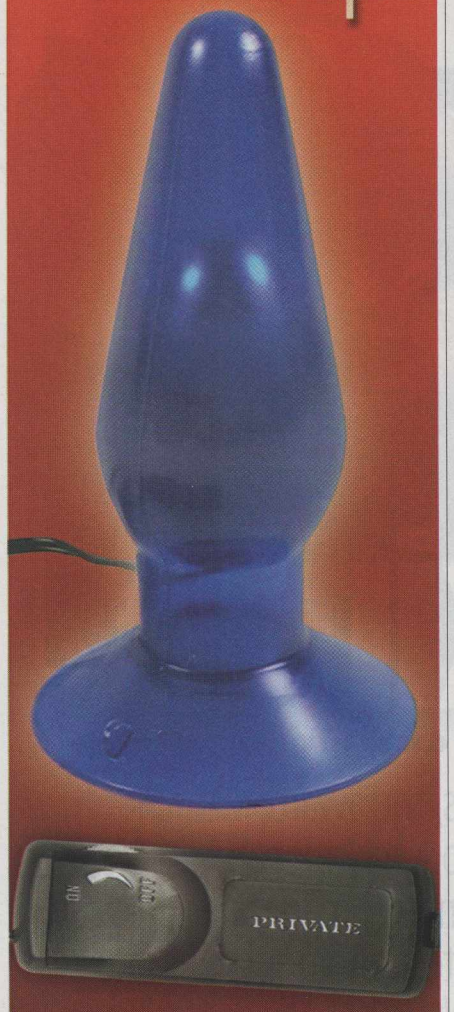

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school, but I know chemistry when I see it. Again, Alizzi manages to pair up guys who know what they're doing and love doing it, so when the clothes come off, you know you're in for a good time. Rod Barry looks hot, as usual, and turns in a stellar performance. Although this was the first film I've seen Nick Capra in, his studliness is undeniable, he earns a spot on my list of top-10 favorite performers; I'm not sure what else he's been in or what upcoming projects he has planned, all I know is I can't get enough of him! And while I don't really have a thing for younger guys, something about Cody Cash's performance mesmerized me. He's finally growing out of his twink looks and really turns in an amazing performance. *–Brendan Buffini*

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★
(out of a possible four)

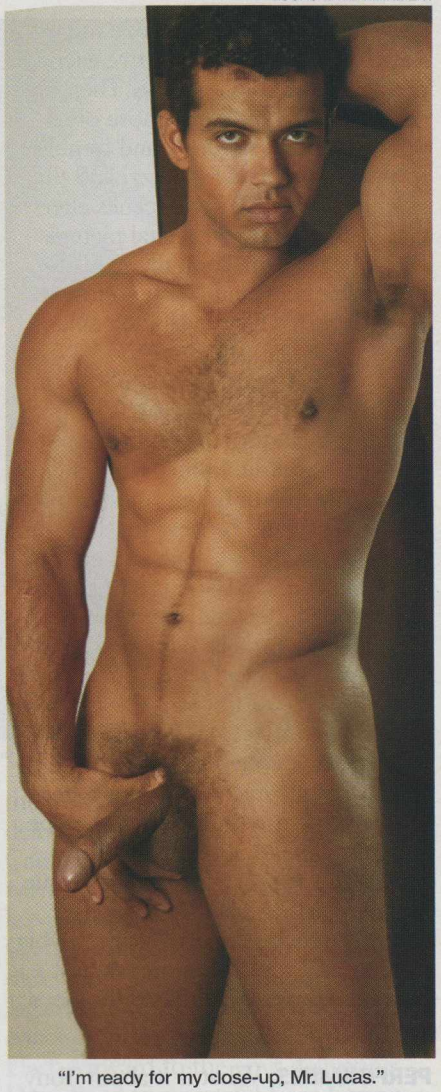
MICHAEL LUCAS' AUDITIONS, VOLUME 1

Studio: Lucas Entertainment
Director: Michael Lucas
Cast: Christophe Blanc, Alex Clark, Federico Ferro, Wilfried Knight, Michael Lucas, Jack MacCarthy, Wilson Vasquez

Plot: There's no plot, no canned music and no script, just five scenes with a gaggle of guys gagging to appear in a Michael Lucas video. Some will apparently do anything for Lucas (but really, who wouldn't?). In *Auditions, Vol. 1*, Lucas interviews a hot man or a pair of studs, then directs the proceedings as they strip, stroke, suck and fuck. Sometimes Lucas joins in on the action, and sometimes directs some seriously hardcore kink. It's a voyeuristic peek into the randiest casting session around (beats *American Idol* hands down), and it's chock-full of humpy hunks.

Production: It's all porn and no polish here. Lucas takes his sweet time with each hottie (the director's cut is a dick-hardening 3 ½ hours). There is no discernible editing, meaning you'll see each hottie from soft-cock beginning to sweat-drenched finish. You'll watch the tops rolling condoms on and sliding

LUCAS ENTERTAINMENT



"I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. Lucas."

inside the bottom guys' asses in real time–and consequently, the scenes are hotter than staged and edited scenarios because it's apparent that the top guys keep their wood and the bottom guys are really enjoying getting fucked. What might be considered gaffes in other videos–seeing the camera man's shadow, or seeing Lucas to one side of the bed directing a scene, or catching a glimpse of the lighting equipment in a corner–actually add to the sense of voyeurism here. All scenes are shot indoors on the same bed, in a very simply adorned room. But who's looking at the bric-a-brac with all the fuckin' going on?

Performers: All Lucas Entertainment boys, the cast are almost uniformly lean, hugely hung, sexy guys. In the

first scene, Lucas joins foxy Wilfried Knight under the sheets. He's a long, lean, gorgeously hairy 25-year-old fitness professional who gets Lucas popping wood before the sheets even come off. Scene two features top Christophe Blanc, a military-cropped French muscledaddy-in-training, and lean, hung brunet Jack MacCarthy, a cute, California-raised hungry bottom. Federico Ferro is a tall, thin Italian cutie who performs in a daunting self-fist-fucking solo–shy, but *dirrty*! Shaved-headed Brazilian hottie Alex Clark is a sure to earn a huge fan base for his kinky proclivities, and sleepy-eyed Wilson Vasquez is a sexy Latin Bronx boy with a hot body and a smile that will melt you.

Performance: The Lucas-Knight combo is a hot one, as Knight rides Lucas' cock like he's a jockey and Michael's flesh rocket is Seabiscuit. MacCarthy and Blanc have some fireworks of their own, too. MacCarthy squeals with delight when Blanc pulls a great Cirque du Soleil maneuver and forces him face-down onto the bed, then turns him over onto his back in one fluid motion–and without pulling out. Jack comes twice before Christophe gets his rocks off–but when he does blow his wad (a full pint of cream on Jack's face and neck!) it's worth the wait. Because it's a Lucas film, there's an undercurrent of kink. The director's cut includes Federico Ferro fisting himself before moving on to massive ass toys (and Lucas' own fist), and includes some water sports play between Lucas and Clark: Lucas seems determined to find out just how much kink the Brazilian stud can take as Clark licks Lucas' feet, and tongues his ass, drinks his piss and slides down on to Lucas' cock like he was made for it. Lucas throws him a killer fuck, including a foot-fucking! The scene with sexy Wilson Vasquez is unfortunately tame, the only straightforward jerk-off scene. But who can argue when the wood-inducing cutie is breathing hard and has his huge dick in his hands?

–Möttull Ironhorse

Men magazine's video rating: ★★★
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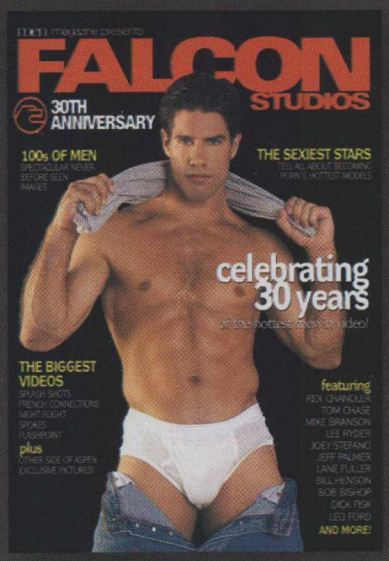

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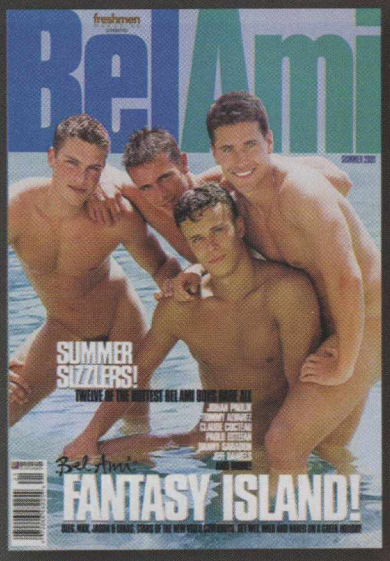

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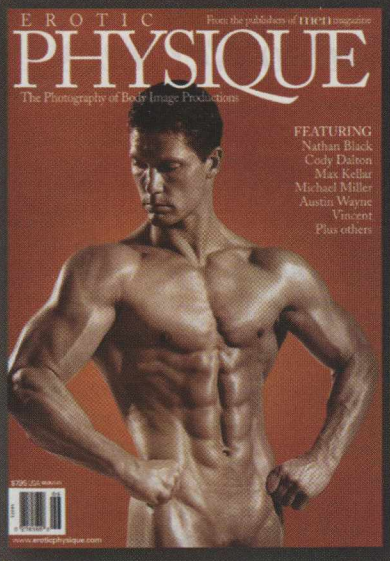

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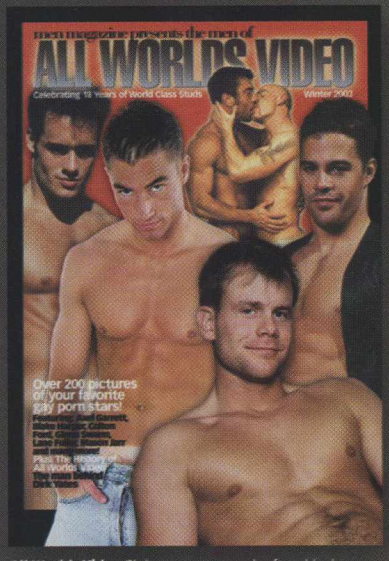
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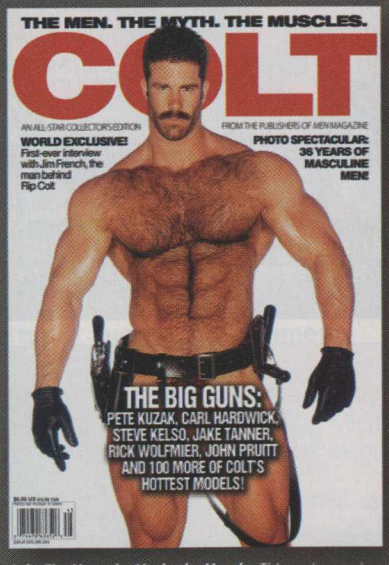
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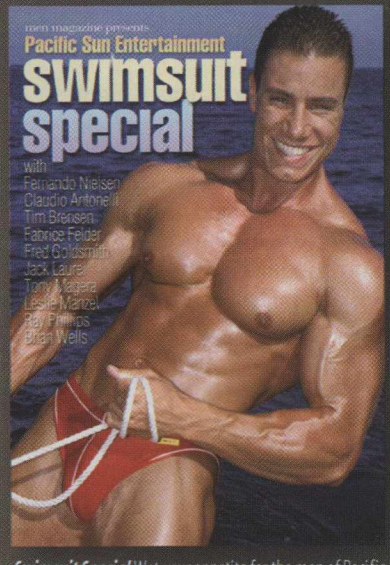

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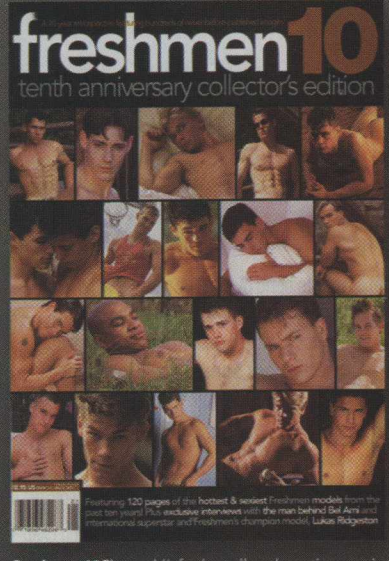
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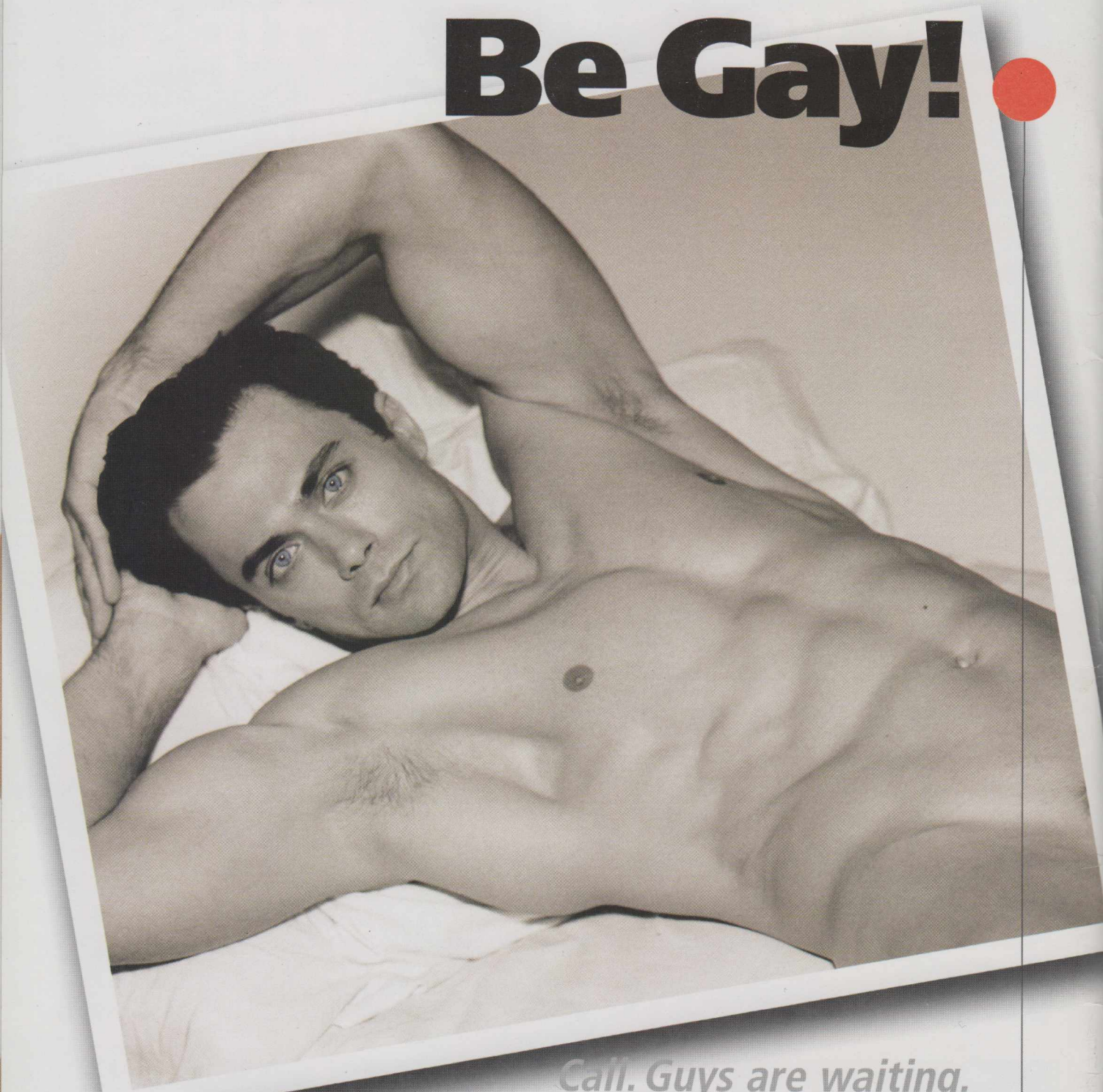

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